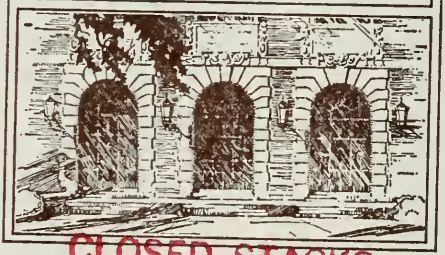
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THE MUMMY!

A TALE

OF

THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY.

"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?"
1 Sam., xxviii. 15.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1827.

RBC

THE MUMMY.

CHAPTER I.

The tumult had now nearly subsided. The late busy crowd had flown, uttering shrieks of horror and dismay; and of all the countless mass of human beings that had so lately thronged around, none now remained but Edmund and Father Morris, who supported Claudia; and the Duke and Henry Seymour, who still remained near the insensible form of Elvira; the eyes of all being chained, as though by magic, upon the horrid vision before them; whilst they, pale and immovable as the sculp-

tured marble of the tomb, waited in fearful expectation of what was next to happen, and scarcely dared to move or breathe; the solemn silence that prevailed being only broken by the convulsive gasps of the expiring Queen:—an awful change from the busy hum of thousands which had so lately filled the air!

"Where am I?" exclaimed Cheops, gazing wildly around—his deep sepulchral voice thrilling through every nerve:—"Where is Arsinöe? Where is she? They seize her! They tear her from me! Curses on the wretches!—May Typhon's everlasting vengeance pursue them with its fury, and may their hearts wither, gnawed by the never-dying snake!"

The Mummy gnashed his teeth as he spoke, and the gloom that gathered on his dark brow grew black as night. All shuddered as that horrid glance of eternal hatred seemed to freeze their blood. They turned away involuntarily; and when they looked again, the spectre had disappeared. The shattered remains of the balloon lay before them; for happening to cross London just at the moment of the greatest con-

fusion, it had become entangled in the crowd, and, notwithstanding the strong material of which it was composed, had been rent asunder in the scuffle, and had fallen with its fearful occupier to the ground.

"Good God!" cried Father Morris, after a short pause; "what a horrid vision! what can it mean?"

"It seemed an Egyptian Mummy," said Edmund, shuddering; "and it spoke that language. But what can have resuscitated it? What human power can have recalled to life, a being so long immured in the silent tomb!"

"Perhaps the vehicle he came in may contain something to explain the mystery," said Henry Seymour.

At this moment several persons ran past screaming with terror, and exclaiming that they had seen a demon. When the confusion excited by these trembling fugitives had a little subsided, a few of the courtiers began also to make their appearance, and return to their posts near the Queen. But all were pale, and they started at every sound, seeming ready, at

the least alarm, to take flight again as expeditiously as before.

Claudia still lay insensible; her heaving chest and deep convulsive sobs for breath, alone betraying signs of life. But her fate no longer excited the deep, overwhelming interest it had done before. Whispers of wonder and superstitious horror mingled with the hopes and fears inspired by her danger; and her removal to the palace was almost regarded with indifference, so completely were the minds of men occupied by the strange spectacle they had so lately witnessed.

Every one, indeed, neither thought nor spoke of any thing but the Mummy; and a thousand rumours, each more extravagant than the last, spread from mouth to mouth respecting it. Men stood in groups whispering to each other, and scarcely daring to stir without a companion: nay, even then, creeping from place to place, looking cautiously around, and starting at every noise, as though they feared the awful visitor was returned: whilst the sages of the country gravely shook their heads, and

declared that what had taken place was evidently a visitation from Heaven, in punishment of the sins of mankind. An indefinable presentiment of evil hung over the spirits of all. Gloom, indeed, spread through every class of society: all dreaded they knew not what—and all shrunk with horror from the thought of supernatural agency. There is an invincible feeling implanted by Nature in the mind of man, which makes him shudder with disgust at any thing that invades her laws.

The body of the Queen being removed, attended by her physicians and the ladies of her household, the rest of the assembled courtiers gathered round the balloon; and exclamations of terror and surprise broke from their lips when they discovered it to be the same in which Edric and Dr. Entwerfen had so short a time before taken their departure for Egypt. The whole truth now seemed to flash upon them.

"I thought how it would be," said Lord Maysworth; "you know I told you, Lord Gustavus, that in my opinion it was an expedi-

tion that could never possibly do any good—but you were of a different belief."

"My Lord," returned Lord Gustavus, solemnly, "thinking as I think, and as I am convinced every one who hears me must think, or at least ought to think, it is my deliberate opinion, that the expedition of my youthful friend and his learned tutor was both admirably planned and well concocted, and that if it have failed in its ulterior object, it has been solely owing to some of those unforeseen events which sometimes do occur even in the best regulated arrangements, and which it was utterly impossible for any human ability entirely to ward off and avert."

"Edric's balloon! Impossible!" cried Sir Ambrose, rushing forward to ascertain the fact, and forgetting all his anger against his son in his anxiety for his fate. "Yes! yes!" continued he, looking at some of the things, as they were drawn forth and exhibited by different persons in the crowd; "those were Edric's books—that was his desk. Oh! my son! my son! what is become of him?"

Many sympathized with the unfortunate father, and more eagerly questioned each other as to the probable meaning of what they saw. No one, however, could give any explanation; and all was confusion and dismay. The bosom of Edmund, after the first moment of excitation had passed, was racked with anguish too bitter to allow him to feel curious even to know his brother's fate. But a few hours before, love and fortune seemed to unite in showering their choicest blessings upon his head, and now he was the most wretched of mankind; for if Claudia died, Rosabella or Elvira must be queen; and if Elvira should be chosen, all hopes of becoming her husband must be lost.

"Oh, God!" cried he, striking his forehead in agony, "why was I reserved for this? Why did I not perish fighting the battles of my country? And why was I saved only to be mocked with the hope of happiness, which, just as it seemed within my grasp, flies from me for ever? Wretch that I am! would that I had been never born, or at least had died in my

nurse's arms, and thus escaped the tormenting pangs that now drive me to distraction !"

Whilst Edmund thus raved, the eye of Rosabella followed his every movement, and seemed with a fiend-like pleasure to exult in his agonies. " I am avenged," thought she; " he now feels what I have so often suffered. But this is not all; he must be probed to the quick ere he can know the bitter vengeance of a woman scorned."

Whilst these violent emotions were convulsing the bosoms of all around, the old duke knelt by the side of Elvira, gazing upon her with the most intense anxiety. Her gentle and feminine nature had been overpowered at seeing the blood of Claudia, and she still lay insensible, looking more exquisitely lovely than fancy can conceive. The beauty of Elvira was of the most soft and feminine description; long silken eyelashes shaded her dark hazel eyes, and gave them an expression more voluptuous than brilliant, whilst nothing could exceed the delicacy of her complexion, or the beauty of her full rosy lips. The figure of Elvira might not

have served as the model of a courageous heroine, but it would have suited admirably for an Houri; and lovely as she always was, she had perhaps never looked more so than at this moment, as the returning blood softly retinted her cheeks, and her eyes gradually unclosed. Lord Edmund gazed upon her, till, maddened by the thought that he must lose her for ever, he could no longer endure his own sensations, and, darting amongst the crowd, he endeavoured to fly from the world and from himself.

The duke, on the contrary, saw the recovery of his daughter with unalloyed transport, for though he loved Edmund, and wished to have him for a son-in-law, he was by no means insensible to the prospect of seeing his daughter a Queen, and his breast throbbed with violent emotions, which had long been a stranger to it.

In the mean time the Mummy had stalked solemnly through the city, urged more by instinct than design; the mist that still clung over him, making him seem like one wandering in a dream. Yet still he advanced; his path, like

that of a destroying angel, spreading consternation as he went, and all he met flying horror-stricken from his sight: many, however, when the monster had passed, crept softly back to gaze after him, and amongst this number was Mrs. Montagu, in whose breast curiosity, that vice of low minds, reigned predominant.

The whole family had reached home in perfect safety, the lady herself hurrying her return, the moment the accident of the Queen was made known: lest, as she said, in the confusion that might ensue, her servants might be induced to leave her house, and some evil disposed personages might strip it of its contents. Urged by this prudent motive, Mrs. Montagu had hastened home, and finding all safe, was just about to retire to re-arrange her disordered dress, when one of the servants rushed into the room with the account of a fearful spirit having been seen in the Strand, whose mysterious appearance, coupled with the singular accident that had happened to the Queen, seemed to portend some dreadful calamity that was about to fall upon the country.

" What is it like?" asked Mrs. Montagu; " have you seen it, Evelina?"

" Oh yes, ma'am!" cried the panting girl; " its eyes flare like fire, and it stares so wildly round it! and as it went along it saw a dead cat lying in the street; and it knelt down and took the creature up, and kissed it, and lamented over it in such a strange way, and in such a strange language! I never heard any thing like it in my life."

" Oh, dear! I should like to see it!" cried Mrs. Montagu, flying to the door, and holding it half open to secure a retreat in case of necessity. Just as she reached the street, however, fate, as though willing to gratify her curiosity, occasioned the Mummy to turn back; and with that kind of half pleasure and half pain, with which the good people of England sometimes delight to gaze upon any thing horrible, Mrs. Montagu continued to look as it rapidly approached her dwelling, till, as it reached the door, to her infinite horror it stalked towards it. Awe-struck and trembling, Mrs. Montagu retreated. The Mummy followed her. He

stretched his hand out to her. She shrunk back aghast from his touch. "Lead on!" cried he with a voice of thunder. Mrs. Montagu could bear no more, and she fled screaming to the parlour, where her husband was already lost in some of his beloved calculations.

Absent as Mr. Montagu generally was, however, he was roused by this unexpected intrusion, and the blood ran chilly through his veins, as he saw the tall majestic figure of Cheops stride across the apartment. His athletic stature, his dark swarthy complexion, and his strongly marked features, aided by the fearful lustre of his piercing eyes, gave to his figure, swathed as it yet was in the vestments of the grave, a supernatural grandeur that thrilled through every nerve of Mr. Montagu's frame, and he shrunk back with horror as his fearful guest stalked past him.

Cheops saw his terror, and smiled in proud disdain as he threw himself upon a couch, placed near a window looking upon the garden, which, as we have before stated, shelved down to the river. There he lay, his eyes fixed upon

the majestic Thames, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Montagu gazed with trembling limbs and pallid lips at their strange guest, without daring either to approach or disturb him.

" Thus have I watched the Nile," said Cheops, his awful voice sounding as from the tomb, " whilst the gently rising waters have gradually swelled into the flood which was to pour joy and plenty over the land:—and thus, too, have I lain, gazing upon its streams, when, the purpose of all-bounteous Nature having been fulfilled, it has sunk back, slowly retiring to its natural bed. But, oh! how different were the feelings that then throbbed in my breast, to the corroding fire that now consumes me! — Oh! Osiris! what horrid thoughts flash through my brain!—they come like overwhelming floods pouring from heaven to the great deep, sweeping all before them in one mighty ruin.—Oh! Arsinöe! by the fell rites of Typhon, there's madness in the thought!"

Then springing from the couch, his eyes glared with yet fiercer brilliancy as he flashed

them round, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, terrified beyond the power of expression, flew towards the door, eyeing the motions of their dangerous guest with feelings of unspeakable horror. The storm of passions in the breast of Cheops, however, though tremendous, seemed soon allayed; for ere many moments had elapsed, he sank again upon the couch in a kind of lethargy, which, if it were not slumber, seemed at least to imply a temporary cessation from pain.

"Thank God!" whispered Mr. Montagu, as he motioned to his wife to creep out of the apartment. She tremblingly obeyed; and the moment she thought herself in safety, she threw herself upon her knees, and thanked God with more fervour than she had ever done before in her whole life; whilst the servants, who were all assembled in the ante-room, crowded round her, trembling and with pallid cheeks and white lips, clustering together like bees swarming round their queen.

"Oh, madam! madam!" exclaimed Angelina, in a whisper, "what will become of us?

A serous moisture transudes from every pore in my body with the chilliness of death, and my very hair erects itself with horror upon my head."

"And my heart throbs with such violence," said Cecilia, "that the whole arterial system seems deranged."

"It is evidently an Egyptian Mummy," observed Mr. Montagu, and, as he seldom spoke, every word he uttered was listened to as an oracle. "Its language and its dress bespeak its origin, but by what strange event it has been resuscitated—"

At this moment a sharp knock at the door made the terrified servants all spring closer together, clinging to each other in an agony of nervous horror, and not one daring to approach the door. The knocking and ringing, however, at length became so violent, as to rouse even Mr. Montagu to give the clamorous intruders entrance. It was Father Morris and Sir Ambrose.

"Oh, my dear brother!" cried the latter, panting for breath; "have you heard the news?

The strangest vision has appeared, and the Queen is certainly dying. Every one says it is a demon."

"What, the Mummy?" asked Mr. Montagu.

"Have you heard of it then?" said Sir Ambrose eagerly.

"It is now in this house," cried Mrs. Montagu.

"In this house!" repeated her brother-in-law; whilst Father Morris, who had looked pale and exhausted when he entered the hall, became still paler, and looked scarcely able to support himself.

"To arms!" cried Cheops from the inner room; "the Palli are upon us! Cowards that we are, the enemy are at our gates!"

Screaming, and scarcely knowing where they went, the terrified servants tumbled over each other in the hastiness of their retreat, huddling themselves together in a heap, yet keeping their eyes fixed upon the door from which they expected the spectre to appear, as though charmed by the fascination of a rattlesnake.

A loud crash now produced a fresh scream; then all was still. After a long pause, which seemed of endless duration, Father Morris, evidently with a dreadful effort, roused himself and advanced—

"Death itself is not so horrid as this suspense," said he, as he resolutely threw open the door of the room, which had contained the Mummy, and entered it. It was empty—but the broken frame-work of the window seemed to point out in what manner the awful visitor had made his exit.

It was with infinite difficulty that Mrs. Montagu could be persuaded to return to the room; and when she did, the remainder of the day was passed by her, and every inhabitant of her mansion, in fear and trembling. When they spoke, it was in whispers, and when they moved, they crept along with stealthy noiseless steps, as though they feared the echo of their own footsteps: the eyes of all fixed timidly upon the broken window, through which the fearful stranger had disappeared.

Slowly and heavily the hours rolled on, till the

time appointed for dinner arrived: the servants, as they served the meal, looking timidly around, instead of regarding the dishes they carried in their hands, and the family scarcely daring to eat, and only speaking in whispers, whilst they started every moment, fancying the wild eyes of Cheops again glared upon them, and his deep hollow voice again rang in their ears; and their own tones sounded strangely hoarse and unnatural. Nothing, however, had terrified Mrs. Montagu so much as the laugh of Cheops; strange, wild, and unearthly, it still seemed to ring in her ears, like the yell of a demon; whilst, if any thing that happened, chanced to recall the appalling sound, her limbs shook in every joint; her teeth chattered in her head; terror blanched her lips and cheeks to a ghastly paleness, and she seemed every instant upon the point of rising from her seat and flying shrieking from the room.

In the mean time, the sensations these extraordinary events had created amongst the people were indescribable. Strange rumours and contradictory reports were circulated, and

the most incredible stories invented of all that had passed. The minds of men became bewildered; they knew not what to credit nor what to think; a gloomy presentiment hung over them; they seemed to feel some fearful change was at hand, but scarcely knew what to hope or what to fear. Business was at a stand: people indeed gathered together in the shops, but it was only to whisper secretly to each other, strange mysterious stories of the late marvellous events, which they dared not breathe in public. The extremes of ignorance and civilization tend alike to produce credulity, and the wildest and most improbable stories were as greedily swallowed by the most enlightened people in the world, as they could have been even by a horde of uncultivated barbarians.

The family of Mr. Montagu retired early to rest at the close of the eventful day we have been speaking of, hoping to lose in sleep the remembrance of the harassing events they had so lately witnessed. Lord Edmund had returned soon after the disappearance of the

Mummy; but he had locked himself in his chamber, and had refused to see any one, his mind being too much agitated for him to endure the common forms of society. All was soon quiet throughout the mansion.

It was midnight when a tall figure wrapped in a large cloak, appeared slowly gliding with catlike steps through the garden of Mr. Montagu. It cautiously avoided the light, and crept along the shadiest walks and thickest allies, carefully shrouding itself from observation, and endeavouring, by availing itself of the shelter of the trees, the better to conceal its movements. It has been already stated that the garden of Mr. Montagu was only separated from that of the duke by a terrace very little used; the door, indeed, leading to it from Mr. Montagu's premises, had been so long closed up, as to be nearly forgotten, and yet it was towards this unfrequented spot that the mysterious figure directed its course. The long neglected door slowly opened, and the stream of light it admitted, was obscured for a mo-

ment by a passing shade; and then all seemed dark, silent, and mysterious as before.

"It certainly went that way," said a voice, the preciseness of which marked it as belonging to Abelard; "and it was a real, tangible, material form, as I saw its shadow intercept the light when the door was opened and it passed through."

"It is quite impossible," cried Evelina, one of Mrs. Montagu's housemaids, who having been induced by the inconstant butler to take a ramble with him by moonlight, had also witnessed this strange apparition; "you must be mistaken Mr. Abelard, for that door has not been opened this age. It is even nailed up, as you may see yourself if you examine it."

"It is very strange," said Abelard, after he had tried the door and found it immovable; "I certainly saw it open."

"It must have been an optical delusion, Mr. Abelard," said Evelina; "the retina of the eye is sometimes strangely affected, and represents objects quite different to what they really are."

"I must consult Father Morris about it to-morrow," resumed the butler; "for it was certainly the Mummy spectre."

"La! do you think so, Mr. Abelard?" said Evelina, turning pale; "why then didn't you speak to it."

"I will if it comes again," returned Abelard.

"Oh! there it is!" cried Evelina; and the worthy pair flew back to the house, screaming in concert, and without once daring to look behind them. Scarcely, however, had the last echo of their footsteps died away upon the ear, when the figure emerged from the recess in which it had lain concealed, and again crept slowly towards the door leading into the garden of the duke.

"Hist! Marianne!" cried he, pausing for a reply; but all was still. "Marianne!" repeated he still louder—"Fools! dolts! idiots!" continued he, stamping violently, as he still found his call of no avail; "they have kept me so long with their cursed folly, that she is gone. Eternal misery haunt them for their officious babbling. By Heaven! if they had had the sense

to climb the wall, I had been lost :—but hark, she comes !"

The door now slowly opened, and a female figure holding a light appeared.

" How is she ?" cried the stranger.

" Better," returned the female.

" Then it is past the power of man to kill her," resumed the first ; and rushing wildly past her he buried himself in the deepest recesses of the grove.

CHAPTER II.

Father Morris, when Abelard and Evelina confessed to him the following morning the strange spectre they had witnessed, treated the whole as the mere vision of their heated imaginations, and refusing to listen to any of their surmises respecting it, prepared to attend the Queen, who, finding herself sufficiently recovered to be able to attend to the duties of religion, had, from the general reputation of his superior sanctity, sent for him to confess her. Her Majesty, indeed, seemed rapidly improving, and the hopes of Edmund reviving with her health, he passed every hour he could abstract from the duties of his station, at the feet of his adored Elvira, his love for whom,

seemed increased by the imminence of the danger he had just escaped, of losing her for ever.

In this manner several days had passed, and the strange visit of the Mummy, and the accident of the Queen, had already taken their place on the shelf with the other *évènemens passés* of the day; when one morning Sir Ambrose was startled by an earnest message from the Duke of Cornwall, entreating him to come to him without delay. Sir Ambrose immediately obeyed the summons, and found the duke walking up and down his study in a state of the greatest agitation, which Father Morris was vainly endeavouring to tranquillize.

"Oh, my beloved friend!" exclaimed the duke, springing forward and grasping the baronet's hand the moment he saw him approach: "my dear Sir Ambrose, Claudia is no more!"

"Dead!" cried Sir Ambrose, involuntarily looking at Father Morris, whose aspect, however, still preserved only its usual cold and statue-like appearance. "Are you sure that she is dead?—I thought she was better."

"So we all did," said the duke: "but

alas! we deceived ourselves, for Father Morris has just seen her expire. Oh! where is Edmund?—why is he not with you?—what will become of him? It will destroy him to lose Elvira: and I, too, that have felt so proud in the expectation of his becoming my son-in-law, oh, it will break my heart!"

"Oh!" cried Father Murphy, who was also present; "and if that 's the case, why don't you let Rosabella take the crown at once, and make no more fuss about it."

"And yet," continued the duke, "I cannot bear that Elvira should be deprived of her right, she would so become a crown; and with her inflexible sense of justice, and desire for improvement, she would do so much good that I should not feel justified in depriving the country of such a sovereign."

"Thus," said Father Morris, smiling, "do we deceive ourselves; you are ambitious whilst you think that you are only just. Believe me, if you consult Elvira's real happiness, you will not impose upon her the troublesome duties of a crown: she will make a better wife than a

queen; for her gentle nature is less fitted to command than to obey. Rosabella has more firmness."

"I do not agree with you, Father," said Sir Ambrose; "in my opinion Elvira is infinitely better fitted to be a queen than Rosabella, for her passions are more under the control of reason."

"That is to say," resumed the monk, sneeringly, "they have not yet been called into play."

"What do you mean, Father?" began the duke.

"Nothing that could give you offence, my Lord," returned the priest. "Disgusted myself with the world, I naturally thought the princess most likely to find happiness where I seek it myself — viz. in a life of quiet and retirement."

"Enough," said the duke: "but where is Edmund? Let us seek him; no doubt he is with Elvira—poor things! we must spoil their billing and cooing."

Edmund was with Elvira, and was passion-

ately urging his suit, whilst she, engaged with her embroidery frame, listened with a half abstracted mind, and Emma duteously waited behind her chair.

"You do not love me," said he, "or you could not answer with such provoking coldness."

"Indeed I do, Edmund, but you are so unreasonable. I have already told you I have no idea of that passionate overwhelming love you appear to feel, it absolutely terrifies me, and I am sure it is not natural to my character.—This silk is too dark, Emma—and so, Edmund, if you feel you cannot be happy with such love as it is in my power to bestow, we had better determine at once to separate."

"Good God!" exclaimed Edmund, striking his forehead violently with his clenched hand; "how coldly you talk of our separation!"

"What can I do? I try every thing in my power to please you. Emma, give me my scissors. But since you will not hear reason—"

"Reason!" cried Edmund fiercely, seizing her

arm, and then letting it go again; "If you talk of reason you will drive me distracted!"

"You quite terrify me with your violence, Edmund," said Elvira, rising, and preparing to quit the room.

"Oh stay! stay, my adored Elvira!" exclaimed Lord Edmund, throwing himself upon his knees and catching her hand; "for Heaven's sake, stay! pardon my impetuosity—frown upon me, treat me with coldness, disdain, or contempt, but do not, do not leave me."

"I do not know what you wish; I have repeatedly told you I am ready to become your wife whenever our parents think fit; and that I will do every thing in my power to make you happy. Do you call that coldness?"

"I do—I do indeed: freezing, insulting coldness. Oh, Elvira! I would rather see you spurn me—hear you declare you hated me, or know that you doomed me to destruction, than hear you speak of our marriage in that calm, unvaried tone."

"How unreasonable you are!" said Elvira,

smiling. "Hear him, Emma; is he not a singular being? And if I find it so difficult to please him now, what must I expect when I become his wife?"

"Tormenting girl!" exclaimed Edmund, "you know your power but too well."

"What ridiculous creatures these lords of the creation are!" said Elvira, playfully holding out her hand to Edmund, though she still affected to address Emma; "I really don't think any of them know what they would have; and I believe the only way to manage them is to make one's-self perfectly disagreeable."

"That *you* can never do," cried Edmund, rapturously kissing her hand.

At this moment a slight tap at the door announced the arrival of the duke and his friends.

"So, so!" said the duke, "we have found you, have we? but you must take your leave of such tender scenes for the future."

"What do you mean?" asked Edmund.

"The Queen is dead," said Sir Ambrose.

The glowing countenance of Edmund turned

of a ghastly paleness; and his livid lips quivered, as he leaned against the window for support.

"Assist him!" cried the duke. "He will faint! Don't distress yourself, Edmund; the death of Claudia shall make no alteration in your prospects."

"I am better," said Edmund faintly, attempting to smile, and waving off all assistance; "'Twas but for a moment: the suddenness of the shock overcame me: I thought the Queen was better."

"She was supposed so," returned the duke; "but it seems she had some internal malady her physicians were not aware of. An inward bruise, I believe. But don't make yourself unhappy about it, Edmund; I cannot bear to see you wretched. Let Rosabella take the crown, and think no more about it.

"Your Grace wrongs me," said Edmund, his fine countenance glowing with the exalted feelings of his soul. "However I may suffer from the violence of my feelings, I can never permit them to interfere with my sense of duty. Elvira has a right to ascend the throne, and if

my exertions can ensure her success, she shall be Queen."

"Thou art a brave lad!" cried the duke. "And will you really try to secure the election of Elvira, when you know, by so doing, you will deprive yourself of her for ever?"

"I shall do my duty," said Lord Edmund, pressing his lips firmly together, as though to suppress his feelings. Father Morris looked at him from under his over-shadowing cowl with a kind of sardonic smile, which seemed to say "You speak well, but let us see how you will act."

"My noble Edmund!" murmured Sir Ambrose, tears rolling down his cheeks.

Elvira's eyes thanked her lover for his disinterestedness; and the glow of anticipated triumph which flushed her cheeks, betrayed, that neither her love for Edmund, nor the grief for the loss of her cousin, could suppress her joy at the flattering prospect opened before her. "Elvira!" said Lord Edmund, gazing upon her earnestly, as though he would penetrate the inmost recesses of her bosom. "What

are your wishes? Do not hesitate to declare them, for alas! much hangs upon your words."

Elvira blushed, and cast her eyes upon the ground; however, Lord Edmund comprehended but too well the meaning of her silence, and he sighed deeply. "It is enough," said he, in a mournful tone; "then the die is cast." He paused a few moments, whilst his friends, though they all looked at him with the deepest commiseration, respected his emotion too much to venture to interrupt it: then rousing himself, he hastily brushed a tear from his eye, and exclaimed, "How weak is human nature! I know my duty, and I will perform it; but yet—Oh Elvira!"

"Compose yourself, my beloved Edmund," said his father; "to-morrow you will be more calm."

"Oh, talk not of to-morrow!" replied Edmund; "to-day is the season for action. Keep the death of Claudia concealed a few hours, if possible. I will in the mean time assemble my friends: I know the army is devoted to me. A council of state will be

chosen to direct the kingdom during the interregnum. I must be one of its members: some weeks must elapse before the election can take place, I think?"

"Three months is the time fixed," said the duke: "but you know the votes of all the people are to be collected, and that, with such a population as ours, will be no trifle: to be sure, it is the deputies that are to do the business, but then it will take some time to elect them."

"When the founder of the present dynasty ordained her successor should be chosen by the votes of the whole people," said Sir Ambrose; "she wisely recollected the difficulty that must arise from collecting their votes impartially, and directed they should elect deputies; but when she ordered that every ten thousand men throughout the kingdom should choose a deputy of their own rank and station to come to London to represent them, she did not calculate upon the immensity of our present population, nor think of the evils the presence

of such a disorderly body of men must bring upon the capital."

"Yet any attempt to reduce their number, would inevitably overturn the government," observed Father Morris; "for as it is the only act of freedom the people have long been permitted to enjoy, they will be proportionably tenacious of it."

"And the majority of these deputies are to decide the election," said Edmund, musing; "then our business must be to secure that majority. Think you that any good can be done by endeavouring to procure the return of those who are disposed to be favourable to us?"

"Very little," returned Father Morris, to whom this observation was addressed; "for the lower classes, from their conceit and pedantry, are extremely difficult to manage. Their deputies, however, notwithstanding the ordinance of the Queen, will probably be more polished, and less learned, as the lower classes will be ill able to spare the time necessary to

become deputies, whilst the country gentlemen will be delighted to obtain something to do."

"We must be prompt," said the duke, "at all events. I don't like delay."

"True!" replied Edmund, starting from a reverie into which he had fallen; "I must get myself nominated a member of the council, and we must arrange our other plans afterwards."

The party now separated, and Elvira, left alone with her companion, indulged in dreams of future grandeur. "I am sorry for the death of Claudia," said she, "but I never loved her; she was so cold and uninteresting—such a mere matter-of-fact being—she had no soul, Emma, and how can one love a being so totally passionless and insipid? I wonder," continued she, after a short pause, "what Henry Seymour will think of this?"

Emma smiled. "Poor Lord Edmund!" said she.

"I know what you would say," returned Elvira; "I am sorry for him, and I admire

his conduct extremely. There is really something very noble about him."

Emma again smiled, for she saw, in spite of this admiration, that in a week poor Lord Edmund would be forgotten.

In the mean time, poor Rosabella's mind was a prey to the most violent passions. A billet from Father Morris had informed her of the death of her cousin, and of the designs brooding against her interests. "I will be revenged," said she; "I will show them mine is not a soul to dwell upon impotent grief. I will assemble my friends; my father's party was strong in the state; it cannot be quite extinct. Let me see, to whom shall I apply?"

"The Lords Noodle and Doodle (both of ancient families) were both devoted to your father, and were under great obligations to him when they were young," observed Marianne.

"But they are such fools!" said Rosabella.

"They are well connected," returned her confidant; "and power does not always attend upon talent."

"True, and, as they are so weak, I may guide them as I will."

"Do not rely upon that: folly is generally obstinate; and though there may be hopes of convincing a man of sense, fools will always have their own way."

"How then are they to be dealt with?"

"By letting them fancy they direct, when, in fact, they are directed. Apply to Lords Noodle and Doodle, as though for advice, more than assistance. Consult them how you ought to act, and suggest the advantages that will arise from your possessing the throne so artfully, that they may fancy what you say the dictates of their own minds, and then, if they advise any course, they in some measure pledge themselves to support you, if you pursue it."

"I do not doubt obtaining their sanction, and that of Lord Gustavus de Montfort; but I wish I could also obtain the countenance of Dr. Hardman, for he has many friends, and some talents," said Rosabella; "and I own I

do not feel satisfied to trust myself entirely in the hands of any of the others."

"Talk of liberty and public spirit," replied Marianne; "promise a redress of grievances, and a radical reform of all evils, and you may secure Dr. Hardman. Yet he is not a fool; nay, he is even shrewd, penetrating, and persevering; but as lunatics are generally mad only upon one subject, so even men of sense have generally some prevailing folly, and his is, that of being thought of importance in the state. Indeed, in my opinion, there are very few human beings that we may not make subservient to our views, if we have but penetration enough to discover their weak sides, and art enough to avail ourselves of the discovery."

"The world is very much obliged to you for the high opinion you have of it," returned Rosabella; "however, I like your advice, and will pursue it. But do you think Father Morris will approve?"

"Oh, I will answer for him," interrupted Marianne.

"I will then write to each of the three lords," continued Rosabella; "and appoint a time and place for an interview with each. I must attend to the doctor afterwards."

"Beware," said Marianne; "you have a difficult game to play. The old proverb says, it is well to have two strings to one's bow; but four, I fear, will be too much for you to manage."

"Fear me not," cried her mistress; "impetuous as I generally am, I can be cautious when I see occasion."

In pursuance of her resolution, Rosabella wrote to the noblemen, whose assistance she wished to secure; and receiving favourable answers, the hour of twelve that night was fixed upon for a secret meeting between Lord Gustavus and herself upon the subject. The utmost secrecy was requisite, as Rosabella knew the fiery temper of her uncle, and felt confident, that if he discovered her plans before they were ripe for execution, his vengeance would have no bounds. She wished, therefore, to ascertain her strength privately; and,

as she was aware a fruitless struggle would only involve her in ruin, she resolved not to betray her intentions till there appeared at least a fair prospect of success.

For this reason, when the duke informed her of the death of the Queen, she affected only the surprise she might naturally be supposed to feel at the suddenness of the event; and appeared absorbed in grief for the loss of her cousin, without seeming even to think of the consequences likely to ensue to herself; in short, she acted her part so well, that the duke was completely deceived; and when he returned to Sir Ambrose, after his conference with her, he exclaimed, "We had no occasion to alarm ourselves, or give ourselves so much trouble: I don't believe Rosabella even thinks about the throne; and I am sure she doesn't care a straw whether she has it or not. I am even confident, from what I have seen to-night, that I have only to express my wishes in favour of Elvira, to have her resign all pretensions immediately."

Sir Ambrose smiled and shook his head in-

credulously, and the duke was provoked; for, like all weak, obstinate men, he was extremely tenacious of the infallibility of his judgment.

"Why do you shake your head?" said he; "Do you disbelieve my assertion?"

"I do not disbelieve your assertion; I only doubt your penetration!"

"And why do you doubt that?"

"Because I know Rosabella."

"Then you think her indifference affected?"

"I think it too great to be real. Moderation is not by any means a characteristic of Rosabella. She is ever in extremes; and when she appears otherwise, depend upon it she is only acting a part, and she has some end in view that she hopes to gain by it."

"Well, let her be as sly as she will, she cannot deceive me! I'll watch her! I'll defy her to think, walk, look, or speak, without my knowing of it; and if I find she nourishes even the thought of rivalling Elvira, she shall quit my house immediately. I will encourage no vipers."

Sir Ambrose smiled inwardly at the mis-

taken confidence of his friend in his own judgment. Thinking it useless, however, to irritate him by farther opposition, he endeavoured to turn the conversation upon another subject. "It is strange," said he, "how frequently I have been thinking of that Mummy. If there be no deception in the business, it is a perfect miracle!"

"And what deception can there be?" returned the duke, peevishly: "you think yourself so very wise, and that you know so much better than other people, only because you are always suspecting something wrong. Now, for my part, I think, as poor Dr. Entwerfen used to say, 'Incredulity is often as much the offspring of folly as credulity'!"

"I wonder what has become of the doctor and Edric? for, ill as Edric behaved, he is still my son; and I own I should like to know where he is."

"Oh! I don't think you have the least occasion in the world to trouble yourself about him. Depend upon it, he and his mad friend, Doctor Entwerfen are rambling about Egypt, and are

happier now than ever they were before in their lives."

"If you are right," said Sir Ambrose, "and they are now in Egypt; as they have lost their balloon, they may be even in want of necessaries."

"And it is very right they should be so," replied the duke; "what business had they to go away?"

The hours of this eventful day rolled on heavily with Rosabella; the important consequences of the struggle she was about to engage in forcibly impressed her mind. Ruin must inevitably ensue if she failed, and even if she succeeded, her path seemed strewed with thorns. The anxiety natural to the intrigues she was about to be involved in, also hung about her. Though haughty and vindictive, Rosabella was not naturally deceitful. Indeed the very violence and impetuosity of her passions rendered it difficult for her to appear otherwise than she really was. The secret intercourse, however, which, through the intervention of Marianne, she had long maintained with Father Morris,

had somewhat practised her in concealment, but it was still repugnant to her nature. She was now anxiously expecting a visit from the reverend father, and as he was generally remarkably punctual to his appointments, his non-appearance filled her with a sensation of dread; and a presentiment of evil crept over her, that she tried in vain to overcome.

"It is long past the hour the father mentioned," said Marianne, after a long pause, during which she had been listening with the utmost attention to every sound. "I cannot imagine the cause of his absence. Surely our plans have not been discovered." And as she spoke, her blanched cheeks and livid lips betrayed the deep interest she took in his fate.

"How gloomily that heavy bell clangs in my ear!" said Rosabella; "it seems to ring the death-knell of my hopes. A gloomy foreboding hangs upon my mind, and undefinable horrors rise in dim perspective before me."

"Hark!" cried Marianne, her sense of hearing sharpened by anxiety; "he comes! yes, yes, he comes," added she, after a short pause;

and in a few seconds Rosabella heard the Father's well-known step. "You are very late," said she, as he entered the room.

"Good God! what is the matter?" asked Marianne, as the haggard, agitated features of the priest met her eye. "You look like one who has held communion with infernal spirits."

"You say right, Marianne," replied the Father, in a deep hollow tone; "I have, indeed, conversed with spirits—for never could those fearful eyes that so long have glared upon me, belong to mortal."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosabella.

"I have again seen the Mummy! that fearful spectre from the tomb. I have even conversed with him, and he lives and breathes; nay even reasons, thinks, and speaks like a human being; but the cerecloths of the grave are still wrapped round him, his fearful eyes glare with unearthly lustre, and his deep sepulchral voice thrills through every nerve."

"What, that horrid creature whom we saw descend from above at the very moment of Claudia's accident? Heaven grant no horrible

consequences may ensue from so awful an invasion of the general laws of nature!" said Rosabella.

"Are you certain it is no deception?" asked Marianne.

"Deception!" returned the priest, "even I trembled, Marianne, when I gazed upon the countenance of that tremendous being, and read there the traces of fierce and ungoverned passions, wild and destructive in their course as the raging whirlwind. Even I, dreaded the influence he might exert upon our destinies, and shuddered at the thought of such a creature's being released from the fetters of the tomb, and sent back as a destroying spirit upon earth. The eternal gloom that hangs upon his brow, seems to bespeak a fallen angel, for such is the deadly hate that must have animated the rebellious spirits when expelled from heaven. His look is terrific; and my blood froze in my veins at his horrid laugh, which seemed to ring in my ears like the mockery of fiends when they have involved a human being inextricably in their toils."

" It may be a fiend," murmured Marianne, in a low whisper. At this moment, the clock struck twelve.

Rosabella started at the sound. " Lord Gustavus will expect me," cried she.

" Go, then," replied the priest, " with Marianne. I will follow presently."

With trembling limbs, beating heart, and all the trepidation which the consciousness of guilt cannot fail to give even to the firmest mind, Rosabella and Marianne proceeded to the terrace, where they found Lord Gustavus waiting to receive them.

" You may think it strange, my Lord," said the agitated princess, as she advanced, leaving her confidant at the gate which led from the garden, " that I should desire this meeting."

" By no means—by no means," said Lord Gustavus, condescendingly. " Indeed, I have already had some conversation with an emissary of your's, that has let me into your views; and I find from him your ideas upon several important subjects are so clear, so just, so sen-

sible, and so accordant with my own, that I feel disposed to become your partisan, even before you utter a syllable."

"And who is this emissary?" asked Rosabella, unable to account for a reception so unexpectedly gracious, and alarmed at what she feared a premature exposure of her plans.

"Father Morris," replied Lord Gustavus, alarmed in his turn, lest he should have unguardedly committed himself: "he told me, he was an accredited agent of yours, and even induced me to—to—"

"Your Lordship need not hesitate," returned Rosabella; "I was not aware, that Father Morris had seen you, or I should not have expressed surprise."

"I have been induced then," said Lord Gustavus, "to bring with me two friends of mine, Lord Maysworth and Dr. Hardman. They are fully convinced of the justness of your ideas respecting retrenchment and reform; and they think your plans of curtailing the expenditure, by throwing all the power of the state into the hands of a few trustworthy in-

dividuals, upon whom you may thoroughly rely, (such as them or myself, for instance,) most excellent."

Poor Rosabella was here completely puzzled, as she had not the slightest idea of what plan Lord Gustavus could possibly allude to; nor indeed was it probable she should, it being entirely the offspring of the creative brain of Father Morris, invented by him solely for the purpose of the winning of the noble lords, to whom he had confided it, over to her party. Rosabella was naturally quick, and, possessing abundantly that very unexplainable, but well-known faculty, designated "tact," she instantly divined the motive that had induced Father Morris to attribute this scheme to her, and determined to avoid, if possible, betraying her ignorance.

Lord Maysworth and Dr. Hardman, who had remained at a little distance, and whom the agitation of Rosabella had prevented her before seeing, now advanced; and after having been presented to the princess, the former assured her of his devotion to her cause.

"I admire your ideas exceedingly," said he; "and particularly your intention of removing Lord Edmund from the command of the army, and placing an older and more experienced person in his stead."

"Lord Edmund!" cried Rosabella, thrown off her guard by the sudden mention of that name.

"Father Morris told me so," resumed Lord Maysworth, in surprise.

"And he told you truly," interrupted Rosabella. "Father Morris is worthy of all the confidence I can repose in him; and, in fact, he knows my inmost thoughts; but I was not aware that he had seen you."

A conversation now ensued, in the course of which Lord Maysworth detailed, with admirable minuteness, a variety of subjects calling for reform. Rosabella did not understand half he said, for his calculations bewildered her; and her mind, accustomed to soar with the eagle flight of genius, and take in oceans with a glance, could scarcely condescend to listen to the petty articles of economy in expenditure, to

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which it seemed principally his object to draw her attention. She assented, however, to all he said; and having let him speak as long as he liked, without showing symptoms of weariness, and having luckily said 'yes' and 'no' in the right places, he departed quite enchanted, and completely gained over to her party, declaring her to be, without exception, one of the most sensible young women he had ever conversed with in his life. To this, Lord Gustavus and Dr. Hardman assented, as she had appeared also to acquiesce in all they had said; and the noble lords and learned doctor departed perfectly satisfied.

Scarcely were they gone, when Father Morris appeared. "My dear father!" exclaimed Rosabella, enraptured at the result of the interview, "congratulate me! Lord Maysworth, Dr. Hardman, and Lord Gustavus, are our own."

"I rejoice sincerely, my child," returned the priest; "for Heaven knows I feel as great an interest in your welfare as in my own. But what did they say? Let us hear if your hopes are well founded."

"At first their expressions were rather of a negative nature—for they told me rather that a party existed against my rival, than for myself. They say the duke has many enemies, from his obstinate and conceited disposition; they said also that my father *had* had many friends."

"And do they exist no longer then, that you lay such emphasis on the word *had?*" asked Father Morris bitterly.

"They exist, but it seems my father has been so unfortunate as to lose their friendship," returned Rosabella; "Lord Gustavus even alluded to some crime, which he said he had committed."

"Crime! Did he dare to call it crime?"

"He did indeed, and it is not possible to describe the torture that rent my bosom as he spoke. I always knew my father had been unfortunate, but I never before even suspected him of having been guilty."

"Nor was he guilty, girl! none but fools or idiots dare breathe such an accusation against his name."

"Ten thousand blessings on you for relieving my mind from the agony of believing him unworthy of my love. I am perfectly satisfied with your assurance; and yet, methinks, I would fain know his history."

"Rosabella, you never knew your father; you were but three years old when circumstances occurred that urged him to commit a deed of desperation. Seek not to inquire farther; and endeavour, since misfortune has thrown a shade over your father's name, to redeem it by the lustre of your own."

"As an obscure individual, whatever might be my will, power would be wanting."

"But it shall not be wanting. You shall be Queen. I swear it, though all the powers of heaven and earth should unite to oppose my designs, and though even blood should be necessary to seal the compact—"

He was going on when a fiendish laugh rang in his ears; and, looking up, he beheld the gigantic form of Cheops standing over him. The bright moonbeams showed, with horrible distinctness, the strange attire, savage features,

and unearthly gaze of the Mummy, as his horrid laugh echoed from the wall behind them and pealed across the water. Rosabella had not before seen him, except when she knelt before the dying Queen; and, shrieking with horror, she fled for refuge to her uncle's garden, whilst Cheops thus tauntingly addressed the priest.

"You were conspiring mischief. Though the language your lips employed was unknown to me, that of your looks was clear. Men do not cast their eyes upon the earth, and murmur forth their accents as though they trembled at the sound of their own voices, when their purposes are such as will bear avowal. Make me your confidant, and by the aid of my serpent deity, my guardian Cneph, I may assist you: but force me to become your enemy, and Typhon himself never pursued Isis and the infant Horus with more unrelenting vengeance than I will follow you and destroy your plans."

Dreading alike to trust, or enrage this mysterious being, and cursing the evil chance that

had led him to that spot, Father Morris, who, like all the English in those days, was an universal linguist, found himself obliged partially to obey this injunction, and inform the Mummy of his design. Cheops burst into one of his terrific laughs of derision. "And so," he said, "you would make yonder feeble girl who fled screaming at my approach, a Queen. A fit monarch for a warlike people. Can a woman's arm resist an invasion of the Palli; or a woman's hands direct the reins of Mizraim's government? Alas! alas! where am I wandering? I forgot the change wrought in my destiny, and that your people seem powerless as the sovereign you would give them. Be satisfied, I will not betray thee. Indeed, so do I hate thy countrymen, that I shall rejoice to see thee triumph in deceiving them. Beware, however, how thou attemptest to deceive me, lest my vengeance, quick, sure, and unforeseen as the secret agency of the Epoptæ, should fall upon and crush thee at the very moment of the fruition of thy wishes."

Fearing, whilst he hated the mysterious

being thus strangely thrust into his most inmost secrets, Father Morris promised obedience, and the Mummy retreated within the walls of Mrs. Montagu's garden; ere he left the priest, however, he held out his hand to him. "Give me your hand," said he, "and let us seal our compact." Father Morris shuddered as he obeyed; for the words of the Mummy recalled those he had just employed, when this fearful apparition broke in upon him, and brought with them a train of thoughts he would now willingly have shaken off. He did not dare, however, to refuse, and reluctantly held out his hand: the Mummy seized it with an iron grasp, and an icy chill seemed to creep from his hand to Father Morris's heart, as he burst into one of his demon-like laughs and left him.

Father Morris, unable to shake off the horror that oppressed him, for he felt as though he had entered into a compact with a fiend, stood gazing at the supernatural appearance of Cheops as he stalked across the terrace. His gaunt figure (rendered more awful by the grave-clothes that bound it) was magnified in

the moonbeams, which seemed to increase, rather than to mitigate the unearthly ugliness of the apparition they shone upon. The priest was fixed in a fearful trance: in imagination, he still felt the cold and iron grasp of the Mummy, whose eyes seemed as though they were still looking into his very soul, and whose solemn accents were even now scaring his faculties. At length, however, Father Morris recovered something of his self-possession, and fled from the spot (he scarcely knew in what direction) under the fear, at every turning, of again encountering the dreaded Mummy!

CHAPTER III.

When the reverend father took refuge in his chamber after this fearful and memorable interview, he felt that strange mysterious sensation of something dreadful hanging over him, though he scarcely knew what, which so often weighs upon the mind when any great and unexpected change has taken place in our destiny. He threw himself upon a sofa, and endeavoured in vain to analyze his feelings. He was not superstitious; but there was something about the Mummy that inspired him with awe in spite of himself, and he felt that he was no longer his own master, for a supernatural power seemed to mingle with his designs, and control his actions: he endeavoured in vain to recur to the

plans he had that morning arranged for gaining over partizans to the side of Rosabella; he could not govern his ideas; he could no longer direct them as he wished; one sole thought occupied his mind, one sole image floated before his senses. He held his head with his hands, he pressed them firmly against his ears, and closed his eyes, as though by shutting out external objects his mind could recover its tone. It was all in vain! the gaunt figure of the Mummy still seemed to stalk before his eyes, and his fiendish laugh still to ring in his ears. Father Morris rose from his couch and threw open his window; the cool evening breeze revived him, and restored his faculties. He now began to reason with himself.

"It is very strange," said he; "but, unaccountable though it may seem, the destinies of this fearful being are evidently interwoven with mine. His appearance here at this eventful moment, and his forcing himself upon my confidence, which a secret power superior to my own prevented the possibility of my refusing him, cannot surely be accidental. No, no—

he is permitted to revisit this earth for some positive and definite purpose; perchance to counteract my plans, perchance to aid them. There is no vanity in the thought; for upon my destiny, at this moment, hangs that of a mighty empire, and I feel that I am but a blind instrument in the hands of Fate, condemned to work, mole-like, in the dark, uncertain whether I be not drawing destruction upon my head at the very moment when I fancy I am attaining the pinnacle of happiness and glory. However, I will not be wanting to myself; this strange agent may be sent to aid me, and it shall not be my fault if I do not avail myself of his assistance. In his present garb he creates disgust and terror; but clothed as a human being, his superhuman eloquence, and the strange fearful interest excited by his looks and manner, might render him a powerful assistant. It shall be my present business, then, to endeavour to make him serviceable to my views; and to do this I must persuade him to adopt the dress and manners of the country."

Pleased with the resolution he had taken,

and quite forgetting the lateness of the hour, Father Morris descended hastily to the usual sitting room of Mrs. Montagu; but what was his horror, on entering it, to find, instead of the usual cheerful party he expected, only the dreaded Mummy! Cheops again lay stretched upon the couch he had before occupied, his eyes fixed upon the brilliant constellation of Orion, and his lips murmuring an address to the deity he fancied it to represent.

"Yes, blessed Horus!" cried Cheops, as Father Morris entered the room; "thou wilt hear my prayer, for thou hast also been a stranger in a foreign land; forced even in thy mother's arms to fly, pursued by all the fury of fell Typhon's rage; thou knowest how to pity the unhappy! And thou too, bright Isis!" continued he, addressing the moon, "thou also hast known sorrow; when thy streaming tears occasioned the first overflowing of the Nile, and grief for the loss of Osiris rent thy bosom with despair—then becamest thou well fitted to be patroness of the wretched. O Arsinöe!

could I but recall the fatal moment when I saw thee last!"

"Despair is sinful," said Father Morris, who now stood beside him; "repentance may obtain forgiveness even of the most heinous crimes."

Cheops started upon his feet at the sound of the father's voice, and burst into one of his fearful laughs: "And who art thou," cried he, "who presumest to preach repentance to me? Oh! I know thee now, thou art the priest whose confidant I am become. But though I will aid thee, think not I will be thy slave—no, rather art thou mine, for thou art in my power!"

Father Morris felt his blood curdle in his veins at this address, and, though he strove to speak, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not articulate a word. Cheops saw his embarrassment, and continued in a milder tone, "Fear nothing; we may be useful to each other. I would fain quit these garments of the tomb, and since I seem des-

tined to remain some time amongst your fellow-men, I will endeavour to assume their manners. You seem to have influence amongst them; try, then, to pacify their fears, and teach them to regard me as a fellow-being."

At this moment the solemn clang of a deep-toned bell fell heavily upon their ears. Cheops started at the sound, and, springing from the couch on which he had reclined, bent forward eagerly to listen as it slowly pealed through the deep silence of the night. It was the great bell of the ancient cathedral of St. Paul, which tolled to announce that on the following day the body of the deceased Queen would lie in state.

"What is it?" cried Cheops; "whence comes that fearful knell, awful as the sound which is doomed to sink into the souls of the initiate of the Isian mysteries? Again it tolls; speak! whence comes it? what does it foretell? Is it the signal of another change of existence, strange, awful, and mysterious, as that I have already experienced? Let it come, I am prepared. The gods cannot inflict tortures more

horrid than those I already suffer. Cannot! have I said? dread Osiris, forgive the impious thought! Methinks e'en now I see thy dark blue countenance frowning in awful majesty at my unguarded rashness. Forgive me, mighty Spirit! No longer will I repine at thy decrees, but teach my proud rebellious heart submission. Alas! alas! had I before done so. But it is now too late, and happiness is lost to me for ever."

Sighing, he hid his face in his hands as he spoke; and all again was silent, save the deep-toned bell, which still fell heavily at intervals upon the ear. Slowly the hours rolled on, yet still Father Morris sate gazing on the Mummy, till the first bright tints of morning broke through the dark grey sky, and a half-subdued bustle in the streets, as of people hurrying to and fro, announced that preparations were making to hang them with black.

The confused murmur—the busy voices hushed to whispers, and the still-continued tolling of the muffled bell, harmonized with the fearful form of the Mummy-visitant,

which, now seen dimly by the uncertain shades of the breaking twilight, seemed to acquire fresh horrors from the obscure and wavering gleams thrown upon it. It was at this moment, when objects were gradually becoming more distinct every instant, that Lord Edmund rushed into the room—"Father Morris," cried he, "you must aid me, or all is lost!"

And as he spoke, he started back aghast; for the terrific form of the Mummy struck upon his sight. He had seen him, it was true, on his first descent; but the events that had since occurred, involving as they did the dearest interests of his soul, had almost driven the circumstance from his memory. Now, however, aided by the illusive light, the spectre appeared before him in all its frightful reality, and even the firm mind of Edmund shrunk back aghast from the appalling sight.

"Why do you shrink?" said Cheops, his deep hollow voice thrilling through the souls of his auditors; "why does my form appear to create such terror? Is it because a tomb has

been my dwelling? Oh, degenerate race! know that the sons of Mizraim, bold, wise, and learned as they were, held that communion with the dead was needful to the living. They loved to gaze upon the empty casket, deprived of all that gave it value, for it taught the meanness of the body; and who could dwell upon the withering worthless clay, and not acknowledge to his soul how poor were its highest pleasures, when compared to the sublime aspirations of the spirit? Why then tremble? Virtue need fear no spectres, and vice might shudder at itself. If thine own conscience do not upbraid thee, what hast thou to fear?"

"Nothing!" said Lord Edmund firmly; "spectre or demon, whatever you may be, I fear you not! 'Twas but the infirmity of human nature; it is past, and I am again myself, and strong in the consciousness of the integrity of my own mind. It is not in the power of Hell itself to fright me from my purpose!"

"The integrity of thine own mind!" cried Cheops, with one of his horrid laughs; "Poor

weak offspring of clay! ay, confide in thy boasted strength; rely upon thy vaunted firmness; but when the hour of trial and temptation shall arrive, tremble!"

Lord Edmund shuddered in spite of himself, and his blood ran colder in his veins! "Who art thou?" cried he, indignantly; "strange, terrible being that thou art?—and why art thou permitted to revisit earth to taunt me into madness?"

"I was once as thou art," returned Cheops. "Young, ardent, and impetuous, I thought the world was made for happiness, and that men were born to be my slaves. Glory was my idol, and Fame the only meed I coveted. Deeply did I drink of her intoxicating cup; my renown spread to the remotest corners of the earth, and my power became as boundless as my ambition! To immortalize my name, I caused the erection of an enormous pyramid! and my grandeur seemed beyond the reach of destiny to destroy. But I trusted in my own strength, and I fell! Tremble then,

weak man ! nor dare to boast how thou wilt act until the moment of temptation shall arrive !"

The deep thrilling voice of the Mummy fell upon Lord Edmund's ear as a warning from the tomb. He too was relying on his own strength, and should he too fall? Forbid it Heaven ! "No !" thought he, "in some cases I might fear; but now, when the welfare of her I love is at stake, I cannot fail !"

The Mummy smiled as he read the thoughts that passed over Lord Edmund's expressive countenance. "Thus I too thought," muttered he; "and as I was, so will he be deceived ! Human nature is still the same even in this remote corner of the globe. Fool that I was, then, to attempt to reverse her decrees ! Forgive me, mighty Isis !" The rest was lost in inarticulate murmurs as the Mummy's head sank upon his breast.

"Oh, God !" cried Edmund to Father Morris; "whence comes this fearful spectre? what does it import?"

"I know not," said Father Morris, in a

hoarse unnatural whisper, his eyes still strained upon the Mummy. Edmund started, for the unusual abstraction of Father Morris added fresh horror to the scene: his senses seemed bewildered; he scarcely knew where he was, or what was passing around him; he rubbed his eyes, and tried to wake from what appeared a frightful dream; but in vain; the vision was still there in all its horrible distinctness, and Edmund felt a terrific creeping steal along his nerves as the hollow sepulchral voice of the Mummy again fell upon his ears.

"Alas! where am I?" continued he; "can that river be a ramification of my beloved Nile? or am I indeed torn from all I prize and love, to be cast upon this secluded spot, where all seems strange and insignificant? O deity of the foaming waters! holy Sirius, hear me! Calm my troubled spirit, and grant some gracious manifestation of thy divinity to chase my growing doubts. But I deceive myself; this is not the Nile! No papyrine boats glide o'er its polished surface. No acanthus groves nor forests of lofty palm border its

banks. No, no! the immortal palm, fit emblem of the soul, grows only in those favoured realms, where, spurning at oppression, it resists the feeble efforts of man to bend it to the earth, and springs upward with only added vigour from the feeble attempts made to subdue it!"

The Mummy ceased, and a solemn silence prevailed; whilst passions fierce as the whirlwind's fury flitted across his face, chilling the beholder's heart with horror at the fearful being whose bosom could conceive them.

Father Morris was not naturally timid; he even possessed uncommon strength both of nerves and mind; yet an unwonted shuddering ran through his frame as he gazed upon Cheops, and traced the workings of that demoniac mind as they were successively imprinted on his features. Involuntarily he turned away in disgust. "For God's sake, let us go!" cried he, gasping for breath; for a strange feeling that he could not define, seemed to impede his respiration.

"Yes, yes—let us go!" stammered forth

Edmund ; still, however, keeping his eyes fixed upon the awful object of his fear, as he slowly moved towards the door.

" Stay !" cried Cheops in a voice of thunder. Involuntarily they obeyed. " How feeble is this race of men !" resumed the Mummy; " how different from the sons of ancient Mizraim, from the Macrobian Ethiopians, or even our Pallic foes; degenerate in form as well as spirit, their souls no longer seem emanations from the divinity, though perhaps the immortal spark becomes degraded and abased from its long continuance in clay, and is sunk for ever from its pristine greatness ! Stay, then !" continued he ; " why should you fly me ? I mean you no harm, and I swear by the sacred tomb of Osiris in Philoe, that I will not hurt you. Drive me not then from amongst you, and I may aid your projects : at least, it is your duty to receive me as the destined instrument of Fate, since Osiris decrees that my soul shall quit its transmigrations in the form of animals to re-animate this worthless body. Take me

then into your counsels, confide in my power and I swear by the holy dust of Isis that you shall not repent."

"Avaunt, demon!" cried Lord Edmund, and, bursting from the room, he rushed out of the house.

What farther passed between the priest and his awful visitor, was known only to themselves; for when the family descended to breakfast, the Mummy was gone, and Father Morris appeared absorbed in his usual studies, without taking the slightest notice of the terrific occurrences of the night.

The death of the Queen being now generally known, her remains, laid in state, were exposed to the lamentations of her subjects, and the family of Mrs. Montagu were amongst the earliest visitors to the mournful spectacle.

In an immense hall, hung with black, was placed a kind of bier, covered with black cloth, supporting the body of the deceased Queen, over which was thrown a velvet pall, so disposed, however, as to display the beautiful features of the deceased, which, though now fixed

in death, still retained their native expression of majestic dignity.

Immense tapers of an enormous thickness lighted the sombre walls, hung with black cloth; whilst chorister boys walked up and down chanting hymns in honour of the deceased, and flinging incense in the air from silver vessels suspended by silver chains, which they carried in their hands; thus shedding fragrance around, and chasing the fearful odour of mortality even from the very chamber of death. Priests wrapped in funeral garments also slowly paraded the room, muttering prayers, and joining occasionally their full, deep-toned voices with the shriller chant of the boys.

The space where the public were admitted, was railed off from the lower end of the hall; but near the body knelt a beautiful female arrayed in black velvet, and her fair face and arms shaded by a veil of black crape.

"O Osiris!" cried a figure wrapped in a long dark cloak, grasping the arm of Father Morris, "who is that lovely creature? There, bending over the last awful relics of mortality,

methinks she looks beauteous as the phœnix rising from the funeral pile, and triumphing in glory over the impotent malice of the grave."

"Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake!" whispered the deep, full voice of Father Morris; "it is Elvira, the rival of Rosabella, whom you have sworn to support."

"Typhon himself could not injure her," said Cheops, for it was he; and he stood with his eyes fixed upon her, apparently lost in meditation.

"For mercy's sake, let us go on!" whispered the priest, "you will excite attention—we shall be discovered. Besides," continued he in a lower tone, "did you find a crown so delightful that you think you would injure her by depriving her of one?"

"No! by the holy limbs of Osiris!" said Cheops; and, obeying the influence of the friar's arm, he moved onwards.

"Why was not Rosabella with Elvira in the hall?" asked Sir Ambrose. "I thought it was commanded by the law that all the princesses of the Blood Royal should exhibit themselves

publicly as mourners by the corpse of the deceased Queen."

"Rosabella is ill," replied the duke. "Grief for the loss of her cousin has produced an access of fever, and she is unable to quit her bed."

"Indeed!" returned Sir Ambrose, incredulously; "it is very strange! I own I did not give Rosabella credit for so much sensibility."

Notwithstanding the incredulity of Sir Ambrose, however, Rosabella was really dangerously ill; though her illness did not proceed exactly from the cause she chose to assign for it. The terror she had felt at the sudden appearance of the Mummy, whom she thought a supernatural being, at the very moment she believed the death of her cousin was darkly hinted at by the monk, operating upon an over-excited imagination, had produced fever; and for some days Rosabella was in considerable danger.

The secret exertions of Father Morris, however, in her behalf, prevented Rosabella's cause

from being injured by her illness; and, by the time she was able to leave her bed, Lord Gustavus de Montfort, Lord Maysworth, and Dr. Hardman, with the Lords Noodle and Doodle, had declared themselves her adherents, bringing with them all the numerous host who, finding it too much trouble to judge for themselves, are always ready to follow in the train of a great man. The day when this important declaration was made, was that on which all the nobility of the realm assembled in that splendid monument of antiquity, Westminster Hall, to choose the council of state to govern the kingdom during the interregnum. This venerable pile, which had seen so many generations successively rise and pass away, now cleared of the incumbrances with which the bad taste of the middle ages had loaded it, shone in all its original magnificence, and opened wide its ponderous portals to receive the whole nobility of England upon this important occasion.

It was a glorious, and almost an awful sight, to see so many great and illustrious cha-

racters, some of whose names were celebrated even to the remotest corners of the globe, collected together in that magnificent hall. Few however, thought of the grandeur of the spectacle; the deep interest excited by the occasion that assembled them absorbing all minor feelings. The business of the day was soon entered upon; and twelve noble individuals chosen to direct the affairs of state, till another Queen should be elected.

The Duke of Cornwall, Lord Edmund Montagu, Lord Gustavus de Montfort, Lord Maysworth, and the Lords Noodle and Doodle, were amongst the number chosen; and as soon as the election was completed, the council retired together to an apartment appropriated to their use, to consult upon the measures to be taken to secure the due election of their future Queen. Then it was, that the anxious father of Elvira was paralyzed, to hear the noble lords above-mentioned declare themselves partisans of her rival; and to see others who had till then remained neuter, seem inclined to range themselves upon the

same side. In vain did Edmund exert his powerful eloquence; the weight and influence of the adverse lords far outweighed all his arguments in the breasts of the auditors; and the poor old duke returned home depressed and almost broken-hearted, from the conviction he received, that the feeling of the majority of the council was decidedly against his child.

The moment the duke reached his own palace, he repaired to the apartment of Rosabella, and found her apparently in a state of convalescence, reclining upon a sofa, supported by her confidant Marianne, with Father Morris sitting at her feet. The holy father was evidently confused at the unexpected arrival of the duke; and he rose hastily in great disorder, to endeavour to account for his appearance there. The duke, however, was too much enraged to listen to him, or, indeed, to notice the suspicious circumstance of his secretly visiting the princess; his passion was solely directed against Rosabella, and not even her present feeble and emaciated appearance was sufficient to disarm his anger.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed; "vile, ungrateful wretch that thou art! Thou hast destroyed me. Thou wilt bring the grey hairs of thy benefactor with sorrow to the grave! And so treacherously too! Oh, Rosabella! how could you plot against me whilst you were enjoying the shelter of my roof. Against me, did I say? Alas! would it were only against me! But no! with fiend-like barbarity, you have conspired to destroy my child!"

The duke had here unwittingly struck a chord that thrilled through the inmost souls of his auditors; he did not heed their confusion, however, but went on.

"Oh, Rosabella! if I could have guessed, when thou wert brought to me a little smiling infant, and I took thee under my protection to foster thee as my own child, that thou wouldst prove a serpent to sting my heart to the core! But I was told it would be so—Sir Ambrose warned me to beware. 'Your brother,' said he, 'has proved a villain; the violence of his passions has led him to commit unheard-of crimes; and may not the same furies glow in the bosom of

this smiling infant? Do not desert her, but do not educate the offspring of guilt in the bosom of your own family.'"

"And did Sir Ambrose say this?" exclaimed Father Morris, grinding his teeth together, and scarcely able to articulate from the strength of the emotion that convulsed his frame. The duke, however, did not hear his question, and passionately continued—"He advised well, but I was deaf to his counsel; Fate hurried me on to my own destruction, and I nourished with the tenderest care a wretch whom I have this day discovered plotting with traitors to deprive my child of her birthright!"

"What do you mean, my Lord?" said Rosabella; "I do not understand you."

"Yes, yes!" replied the duke, "ask what I mean; you may well assume that face of smiling innocence—too—too often it has served your purpose! Fool, idiot, that I have been, to have been so easily deceived! But your arts will now be vain. Lord Gustavus de Montfort would not have openly declared himself your

friend, as he did to-day, if the most insiduous arts had not been practised to win him."

"And has he done so?" asked Rosabella, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"Has he done so?" repeated the duke bitterly; "no doubt you know it but too well. Also that the prosing Lord Maysworth, the enlightened Lord Noodle, and the intelligent Lord Doodle, have enlisted their empty heads and long purses upon your side."

"Have they?" cried Rosabella, transport brightening every feature.

"Oh, Rosabella!" exclaimed the duke, passion giving way to agony, and torrents of tears streaming down his aged face; "that look of affected astonishment is intolerable! You must have known all this! I am a poor, weak, old man! there needed not such plotting to deceive me. It breaks my heart to find you guilty of hypocrisy."

Rosabella was affected by her uncle's tears: all his former kindness rushed upon her mind, and Nature resuming her powerful influence,

she forgot all her ambitious projects, her hopes, her fears, and her intrigues; she thought only of the feeble, miserable, old man before her; and, attempting to throw her arms round his neck, she sought to mingle her tears with his, and, clinging to his feet, implored his forgiveness. The duke, however, could not read her heart, and, blinded by his passion, saw in this action only an aggravated insult: violently he spurned her from him, commanding her to leave his house immediately, and, by so doing, extinguished for ever every gentler feeling in his niece's breast.

Rosabella's haughty spirit did not wait a second repulse. Her tears were instantly dried, and, with eyes flashing fire and cheeks glowing with indignation, she rushed out of the room, without deigning to reply.

The duke's rage, if possible, exceeded her own; and these near relations, united as they were by the tenderest ties, parted in mutual hatred, sincerely hoping, on both sides, that they might never meet again.

Father Morris and Marianne followed Rosabella; and they found, as they expected, that the violent over-excitement of the moment had given way to hysterics. These tremendous convulsive agonies soon exhausted her enfeebled frame, and she lay upon a sofa in a state of torpid languor nearly approaching to insensibility, whilst her friends consulted upon what course they should pursue. During this pause of uncertainty and painful deliberation—for as Rosabella was entirely dependent upon her uncle, the case seemed hopeless—a letter arrived from Lord Gustavus de Montfort, offering the loan of his palace and his purse to the princess. That prudent and calculating nobleman was fully aware of the situation in which Rosabella would be thrown by his declaration in her favour, and of the advantage that would accrue to himself in after-times, if she should obtain the crown, from his having at such a moment conferred an important service upon his future sovereign.

Father Morris did not hesitate to open this

letter and read it. Rosabella was not in a state to be consulted. Indeed, the case was one that did not admit of hesitation; and a conveyance having been procured, the princess was removed to the house of Lord Gustavus, before she had recovered the full use of her faculties.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning appointed for the election of the council of state was passed by Elvira in the most intense anxiety. For herself, she had no wish to be a Queen—nay, perhaps she trembled at the thought; but when she saw how earnestly it was desired by her father, and thought of the bitterness of his disappointment should she be rejected, her eyes filled with tears, and she felt ready to make any sacrifice to promote his happiness.

Thus, trembling with agitation, yet fearing alike every change, the fair Elvira sate, leaning her head upon her hand, whilst Sir Ambrose, whose rank did not entitle him to a vote, Dr.

Coleman, and Henry Seymour, endeavoured to console her.

"My dear young lady," said the good doctor, "indeed, indeed, I think you distress yourself quite unnecessarily. With such supporters as your father and Lord Edmund, I do not think you can fail of success."

"You quite mistake me, doctor, I assure you," returned the princess; "I think not of the crown, yet it is not possible to express what I have suffered during the last few hours. Ere my father went to the council this morning, his agitation was so excessive that I feared it would destroy him, and my impatience for his return is become almost agony."

"Let me entreat your Highness to be composed," said Henry Seymour. "You torment yourself with vain terrors. I cannot suffer myself to imagine for a moment that the duke can be otherwise than successful."

"My dear child," observed Sir Ambrose, "exert your own good sense; nothing can be more foolish than to let imaginary horrors usurp any influence over your senses; you thus

suffer doubly, and often the pains of anticipation exceed those of reality. But, see, here comes Father Murphy, and my little lively niece, Clara. Well, father, what news? Will the princess be Queen?"

"Och, and there can be no manner of doubt of it!" returned Father Murphy.

Elvira turned pale. "God in his mercy grant you may be mistaken!" said she.

"Oh, dear!" cried Clara, involuntarily.

"Why do you exclaim, fair lady?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"I am so surprised—so astonished!" said the blushing girl.

"At what?" resumed the doctor inquisitively.

"That—that," said Clara timidly, "that the princess should not like to be a Queen."

"Alas! alas!" said Elvira, smiling languidly, "you are too young, Clara, to know the awful responsibility such a situation would impose. The Queen of England must devote herself to her people; once elected, she is cut off for ever from all the happiness of domestic

life. She must form no ties—she must indulge in no attachments—she can never feel the happiness of devoting herself entirely to promote the welfare of one adored object. She can never know the transports of a mother!" and, sighing deeply, Elvira cast her eyes upon the ground, whilst those of Henry Seymour were fixed earnestly upon her.

"Yet all this," said Sir Ambrose, "is rather imaginary than real. The subjects of a good Queen ought to be her children; and the glory of contributing to the happiness of thousands, and ruling nations by a nod, may well compensate for the humbler comforts of a domestic fireside."

"I do not agree with you," rejoined Dr. Coleman; "I think the situation of a Queen is one both of trouble and responsibility. We all know how difficult it is to give satisfaction even in the most ordinary occurrences of life; and how much more must that difficulty be increased in such an exalted station. Besides, it seems cruel to condemn a young and beautiful woman to the miseries of celibacy. Woman

naturally seems to want support; she is to man, what the clinging ivy is to the majestic oak,—its loveliest ornament; but take away the standard tree, and she falls forlorn and unsupported to the dust. Do you not think so, Mr. Seymour?"

The youth started at this appeal, for his thoughts had indeed wandered far from the scene before him. "Yes," said he, after a short pause.

Sir Ambrose laughed heartily. "Upon my word," said he, "I congratulate you, Dr. Coleman, upon your happiness in having such attentive auditors. The princess looks as if she had not heard a single word that you have said; whilst Mr. Seymour, when you appeal to him for his opinion, only starts, and says 'Yes.'"

"You are quite right, Sir Ambrose," returned Dr. Coleman, smiling good-humouredly; "and I begin to discover that reasons are quite useless when the feelings are interested."

"Och!" said Father Murphy; "and my opinion is that we have all rason to be interested; for I should not be surprised at all

at all, if the King of Ireland was to take advantage of our troubles, to make a descent upon us. There is no time so fitting for throwing every thing into confusion, as when nobody knows what he is doing."

"There may be much justice in your remark, holy father," said Henry Seymour, smiling; "but, for my own part, I own I do not apprehend the King of Ireland has any such bloody-minded intentions."

"Report speaks highly of his son," observed Elvira.

"Not more highly than he deserves," cried Doctor Coleman enthusiastically. "The youthful Roderick is brave, noble, and generous; possessing every quality to fit him for a hero; and is quite incapable of any thing bordering upon meanness."

"Is he handsome?" asked Clara, with infinite *naïveté*, looking up earnestly at the doctor as she spoke.

"As the Achilles of the ancients," replied the doctor.

"Dear me, how I should like to see him!"

said the little beauty, with the utmost simplicity:—"Should not you, Mr. Seymour?"

"I cannot say I have any curiosity," returned Henry Seymour, having infinite difficulty to help laughing.

"Dear me, how very odd!" said Clara, looking at him earnestly; "I do believe the doctor was only quizzing us, and that he's very ugly and disagreeable. Is he, Mr. Seymour?"

The air and manner with which she put this question, quite destroyed the small remains of gravity Henry Seymour had till now with so much difficulty preserved; and, bursting into a violent fit of laughter, he rushed out of the room. Every body looked astonished, and Dr. Coleman embarrassed. After a short pause, however, he seemed to recover himself. "It is very strange the duke does not come," said he, pulling out his watch. "The council must be chosen before this; and they seldom stay to deliberate long at a first sitting."

"I am miserable," cried Elvira. "If he should be ill!"

"Shall I seek him?" asked Dr. Coleman;

and, reading her assent in her countenance, he quitted the room.

"The doctor is very obliging," said Sir Ambrose; "but he never did like Rosabella. He hated her father, and when Duke Edgar—but, I forget! his history is a secret which must rest for ever in my own breast."

"Do tell *me*, uncle!" cried Clara coaxingly; "I should so like to hear it, and every body says you know all about him."

"And what can his history have to do with such a little chit as you?"

"I don't know," said Clara with the utmost innocence; "but I am sure I should like to hear it."

"Why?" again asked Sir Ambrose.

"Because every body says it is a secret," replied Clara, clinging round him, and fondly stroking his face;—"so do tell me, my dear uncle, pray do?"

"You are a little coaxing witch," said Sir Ambrose, patting her long silky hair; "I would tell you any thing in reason, but the history of the father of Rosabella—"

"Rosabella!" cried the duke, bursting into the apartment with the fury of a maniac—"Rosabella! who speaks of Rosabella? She is a wretch, a vile, insidious wretch! She has destroyed me—she has conspired to destroy my child!"

And as he spake, the agonized old man sank into a chair, fainting with exhaustion, whilst a sanguine stream gushed from his mouth and nostrils, a blood-vessel having been ruptured by the violence of his emotions. Elvira shrieked in anguish, and, dreadfully terrified, threw herself upon her knees beside him, imploring him to speak to her, whilst Sir Ambrose, even more alarmed than herself, ran screaming for assistance. Dr. Coleman and Henry Seymour were at hand. The duke, and his daughter, who had fainted, were conveyed to their separate apartments, attended by Clara, Sir Ambrose, and the doctor, whilst Henry Seymour and Father Murphy were left together.

"O Beauty!" thought Henry Seymour, as he watched the lovely form of Elvira, looking like some fair flower drooping on its stem,

carried past him, "how omnipotent is thy power! Even the savage monarch of the forest, tamed by thee, has crouched beside a maiden's feet! How heavenly does she look! pure as the immortal spirit, when, ere his breast was sullied by the grosser passions, man first conversed with God!"

"And sure if it's the princess ye're thinking of," said Father Murphy, tired of being so long silent, "ye've rason to look so sadly after her, for it's all over, and she'll never be Queen."

Henry Seymour started: the voice of the holy father sounded harsh and discordant in his ears; it had dispelled all his fairy dreams; and with a movement of impatience he threw open some folding doors, and walked into the garden. Father Murphy followed him.

"And where is it that ye're going?" asked he.

"I would be alone," said Henry in a commanding tone.

"And so ye shall be," returned Father Murphy, "when I'm after laving ye; and that I will do in a whiffey. But—"

"Begone!" cried a peculiarly low, hollow voice which sounded close to the friar's ear. He started, and as he looked up, the withering glance of Cheops fell full upon him; he screamed wildly and fled, uttering shrieks of terror.

Cheops looked after him with a scornful smile, and then fixing his superhuman eyes on Henry Seymour, he waited for him to speak. Few were the human beings who could have met that scowl unmoved. Those wild eyes, shaded as they were by the thick dark brows above them, always seemed to sink direct to the beholder's soul: Henry Seymour, however, shrank not from their gaze. A long pause ensued.

"You wish for help," said Cheops, "and it is in my power to assist you. I know you well, you are not what you seem; but fear not, and all your hopes shall be fulfilled."

"Alas! how can they?" said the youth, "when I know them not myself."

"Hear me!" returned Cheops; "you love Elvira, you would fain become her husband, and would yet not deprive her of the crown.

Even now, you were revolving in your mind a scheme to reconcile these two apparently incompatible objects; but, besides innumerable minor obstacles, one great one destroys your plans—you have a father."

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Henry Seymour wildly, "who and what art thou?"

But, ere he had finished speaking, the Mummy was gone. "Fiend! demon!" cried the youth, "what means this unreal mockery? But thou shalt not escape me thus."

In the mean time, the duke had somewhat recovered, and, by permission of Dr. Coleman, Lord Edmund and Sir Ambrose were admitted to his chamber. The reverend Fathers Morris and Murphy were there already.

"I believe it is quite against the rules," said the doctor, "to allow visitors to a patient in the duke's state;—but he is so irritable, I fear keeping him in suspense might occasion a relapse."

"I am sorry to see you thus, my dearest friend," said Edmund, pressing the duke's hand warmly; "you have always been a second father to me, and, God knows! I love you as myself."

The Duke fervently returned his pressure, but he could not speak. "My dear, dear friend!" said Sir Ambrose, the tears trembling in his eyes.

"Come! come!" said Dr. Colman, good-humouredly, "I must not let you agitate my patient. Lord Edmund is only come, my Lord Duke, to take leave. He is going into the country to try to exert his influence amongst the electors."

The duke shook his head.

"I must not have you despair," said Sir Ambrose; "we shall beat them yet: not but that we must fight hard, for Rosabella is as crafty as a fox, and you see what a party she has made:—besides, she's as selfish as her father."

"No," said the duke feebly, and speaking with great difficulty; "Edgar was not selfish."

"The influence of natural affection is astonishing!" said Sir Ambrose; "since it makes you speak thus of one who has so grossly injured you."

"Edgar's faults," replied the duke, scarcely

able to articulate, " were rather those of circumstance than of feeling. I am convinced of it, and forgive him. Nay, if he were alive, and I could see him, I would clasp him to my heart."

" Och !" said Father Murphy, " and that 's said just like yourself; for there 's nothing so like a Christian spirit as forgiving our enemies; —and so may Heaven prosper and bless all that love ye, and send all that hate ye to the Devil."

" But how does that accord with the Christian spirit you were talking of ?" asked Dr. Coleman, smiling.

" Och !" replied Father Murphy, " and it 's clane another thing. For none but the Devil's own brats could hate the duke, and he 's a right to his own, surely."

Dr. Coleman, though not quite convinced by the sophistry of the holy father, did not attempt to controvert it; and the party, fearing to fatigue the duke, soon after separated.

A few hours after this conversation, Father Morris was walking in one of the shadiest parts of the garden of Mr. Montagu, where the thick

trees spread over his head, and by their umbrageous foliage, almost shut out the light of the sun. In the very centre of this gloomy grove, a funereal urn had been erected by one of the former possessors of the mansion, over which hung a weeping willow. The monument had once been gaudily adorned with bright colours and gilding, to mark the armorial bearings and dignity of the dust that mouldered below. Now, however, damp and neglect had hastened the work of Time in that secluded spot. The once white marble was stained with a dirty green, and moss had grown round the crumbling monument of former greatness: the plaister effigies of the arms had cracked, and peeled off in places; whilst wild-flowers had taken root in the fissures, and reared their blooming heads, and twined their fantastic wreaths around the mouldering stone, hanging in wild luxuriant festoons over this emblem of decay, as though to mock the feeble efforts of man to perpetuate his name, and assert triumphantly the supremacy of Nature.

Father Morris was struck by the effect pro-

duced by this apparently simple circumstance, and he stood with his arms folded on his breast, attentively gazing upon the urn: "And for this," thought he, "yes, even for such perishable baubles as these, does man risk his immortal soul. For this, for honours that decay even whilst we gaze upon them; for fame, which the slightest breath may blow away, light as the thistle's down; for wealth and power, which, past a certain point, pall on the senses; and for ambition, we sacrifice all the mind holds dear to it. And what is ambition? What real happiness can fame, wealth, or power bestow? I will repent; it is not yet too late:—for worlds I would not harm that poor old man. Yes, he has still a heart. I am not wholly lost. Oh! how his look, his voice thrilled to my inmost soul, and awakened feelings I thought for ever dead. Oh, Julia! Julia! surely thy blest spirit would rejoice if angels can still feel for mortals, at my repentance. Oh, if one fatal act could but be recalled, and one fiend be satisfied, I might still be saved!"

And overpowered by his emotions, even his firm heart was softened; he leant his head against the mouldering urn, and, hiding his face in his cowl, he wept. Blest were those bitter tears, and sweet were the sensations that stole over the mind of the monk as they flowed; for they were the first fruits of human feeling that had long touched that savage breast. Soothed by their healing balm, and half forgetting the cares that hung about him, Father Morris still reclined against the tomb; whilst mild and pleasing images floated before his fancy, and the fairy form of Happiness rose again upon his sight, and, though dim and indistinct by distance, seemed once more to beckon him forward through the mist of time. Lost in these meditations, the most delightful he had long indulged in, the father remained unheedful of the lapse of time, till he was startled by a tap upon his shoulder, and, turning, he beheld the giant form of Cheops.

"Fiend, demon, devil!" cried he, passionately; "avaunt! and tempt me not!"

The Mummy burst into one of his frightful

laughs of derision. "What!" said he, "have you forgot your friend? your confidant? your confederate? And is it thus you treat him? Have you forgot our compact and your oath? which, if it were necessary, was to be sealed with blood?" (The friar shuddered, whilst Cheops continued:) "Pshaw! pshaw! talk not of temptation! The passions in that breast defy its power; for demons scarce could credit them. Fear not temptation then, most pure and most immaculate priest! for know, I can read thy heart: and I—yes, even I—shudder at the wickedness it conceals!"

"My feelings are changed—I repent!"

"Impossible! your repentance is but as a passing shade before a glowing fire, which, even if not removed, would be soon devoured by the flames!

"I tell you, my purpose is changed:—I will no longer plot against the duke; and Elvira, if she will, may be Queen."

"'And do you think a crown so enviable then,'" said the Mummy, repeating the friar's own words, once addressed to him, "'that you

think you would injure her by depriving her of its cares?' "

"Devil!" cried the father, unable to resist the feelings these words had conjured up.

"And these are mortals," said Cheops; "they sin, and they repent! Thus adding hypocrisy to guilt, and doubling their crimes by the knowledge they have of their enormity!"

"Demon!" returned Father Morris; "the words of that old man wrung my heart; and I would sacrifice all the world can give, to throw myself upon his breast, and obtain his forgiveness."

"I believe you think so *now*," said Cheops maliciously; "but when Rosabella shall be Queen, and wealth and dignities shall be dispensed by Father Morris; when nobles shall bend humbly before him, and, hanging upon his smile, beg favours from his hand, then—"

"Curses on thee, fiend!" cried Father Morris, rushing from the grove, and pressing his cowl round his head with both his hands, as though

he feared the horrid laugh of Cheops should echo in his ears, and sting him into madness.

"Weak, feeble worm!" exclaimed Cheops, with a scornful laugh, looking after the friar as he darted from his sight; "and yet this man boasts of his intellect; ay, and rules his fellow-men almost to his will! Degenerate wretches! O powerful Osiris! if from thy dread abode thou deignest to look down upon thy votary, pity him now! condemned to waste his days amongst this hated race! And thou, fell Typhon! dread avenging deity! say, will thy awful wrath accept of victims such as these? Alas! I fear vengeance like thine will not be thus appeased! and that thy never-dying fire will still gnaw my vitals. Oh! these mortals *think* they suffer: but what are their torments when compared to mine?"

As he spoke, he gnashed his teeth in fury, whilst again the expression of passions, too tremendous to be conceived by mortals, darkened on his brow.

CHAPTER V.

"I AM really glad we have left the house of my uncle," said Rosabella to Marianne, the morning after her removal to the palace of Lord Gustavus; "for though there is something revolting to my feelings in being dependant upon a stranger, yet as it may soon be in my power to repay any obligations I may receive from him, it is better than the treachery I was obliged to practise towards the duke. There is something so mean in treachery!"

"We are always apt to feel most disgusted with those vices most repugnant to our nature," said Marian smiling, "whilst we are merciful to those we practise. However, I can't say I think there is much difference."

"What!" cried Rosabella indignantly; "do you class those vices that spring from a noble though mistaken spirit, with those that are the natural offspring of base, grovelling minds?"

"No," returned Marianne, "for I think the latter preferable, as the mind that produces them is incapable of making nobler efforts; whilst the others, by degrading their possessors, show forcibly the monstrous depravity of the human heart."

"I do not understand you," said Rosabella.

"Nor is it necessary you should:" rejoined her confidant.

Rosabella was not quite satisfied with this summary manner of dismissing the argument, and was proceeding to question her confidant's maxim, when a tap at the door announced a page from Lord Gustavus, who came to know if the princess would honour his master with an audience.

"Certainly," said Rosabella; and in a few minutes Lord Gustavus entered her boudoir.

"I hope your Serene Highness has rested

well," said the noble lord with his usual pomposity; "I feel better this morning."

"I am perfectly well, I thank your lordship!" returned Rosabella; "and the relief I have experienced, by having the weight that has so long hung upon my mind relieved by my removal to your hospitable mansion, has proved an excellent soporific."

"That being the case," said Lord Gustavus, "perhaps your Highness will have no objection to indulge the noble lords who already have declared themselves on your behalf, as also some others of their friends who are anxious to enlist under your banners, with an interview: for thinking as I think, and as I am convinced every reasonable person in the kingdom must think, no time ought to be lost in a matter of so much and of such infinite importance."

Rosabella, thinking *par merveille* exactly the same as the noble lord, instantly gave him her hand to lead her to his library, where the illustrious personages he had spoken of were waiting to receive her. It has been already said that Rosabella was beautiful, and now that

her recent illness, and the agitation natural to the novelty of her present situation had softened the usual pride and haughtiness of her demeanour, she looked perfectly lovely. It has often been allowed, that a beautiful woman never looks so well, as when in affliction; there being something in the appearance of a timid helpless female, looking up to man for protection and support, that rouses every generous and manly bosom in her behalf; whilst that wretch must indeed be lost to every sense of feeling and humanity, who could be deaf to the prayer of beauty in distress. Thus the appearance of Rosabella caused a general sensation in her behalf, whilst her usual pride and haughtiness, which were well known, only made her present diffidence and agitation, her downcast eyes and trembling voice, appear still more interesting from the strong effect of contrast they produced.

The persons collected in the library of Lord Gustavus were all affected by her manners; and though perhaps it would have been difficult to find a group of individuals

more various in their usual habits and modes of thinking, yet upon this one point they were agreed. The personages who composed this worthy assemblage, were Lord Maysworth, the Lords Noodle and Doodle, Dr. Hardman, and the young Prince Ferdinand of Germany, who had been taken prisoner by Lord Edmund, and was now upon his parole of honour, till the conditions for his ransom could be arranged. He was at present the guest of Lord Maysworth, who having in his youth received great obligations from the German Emperor, was now glad of an opportunity to show his gratitude to his son; and who had now brought him to Lord Gustavus, to introduce him to the Princess Rosabella.

Prince Ferdinand was ardent and romantic, and he was just at that happy age when all appears bright and blooming, before reality has destroyed the flattering dreams of hope; when we are ready to believe all we wish, and imagine human nature without a blot. Alas! why are the delightful moments of life so transient; and

why can we never partake of pleasure without having our relish for it destroyed!

Confiding, however, and unsuspicious as Prince Ferdinand was, he was certainly excessively astonished to hear Lord Maysworth, the advocate of freedom and equality, eloquently plead in Rosabella's behalf that her father was the elder brother of the present duke, and that consequently her claim was strengthened by all the magic powers of primogeniture, and he was still more surprised by his assertion that the present duke had rendered himself unpopular by advising the late Queen to rebuild the late palace at Richmond, by which several hundreds of workmen were kept in employ during the whole of the preceding winter, and saved from perishing.

"Good heavens!" cried Prince Ferdinand, "Can you blame that? Was it not better than suffering them to perish with cold in the streets?"

"No danger of that, your Highness—no danger of that," returned Lord Maysworth—

"nobody can perish of cold in our streets, because, you know, we have always pipes of hot air in them to make them quite warm. And as to the palace, it is really quite melancholy to think how many thousands of the public money were expended upon it. Oh! I assure you, it is quite impossible to find a man more deservedly unpopular than the Duke of Cornwall."

"Oh, quite impossible!" said the Lords Noodle and Doodle, shaking their heads.

"Thinking as I think, however, and as I am confident every one here must think," said Lord Gustavus, "it will be imprudent to depend entirely upon the duke's unpopularity: Lord Edmund is beloved by the army; and, as he is decidedly upon the side of Elvira, we cannot be too cautious."

"Oh, no, certainly!—we cannot be too cautious," echoed the two repeaters.

"It is a glorious circumstance, however," said Dr. Hardman, "that the choice of the Queen rests entirely with the people; their voice alone will decide the glorious struggle,

and their free unbiassed opinions alone give the Monarchy its future Queen."

"Yes," said Lord Maysworth, "it is true, it rests with them alone to decide the question; and for this reason do you not think it will be as well, my lords, for each of us to repair to his country seat, and endeavour, by his influence in the neighbourhood, to procure the election of such deputies as may be disposed to vote favourably to our wishes."

"The plan is excellent!" cried Dr. Hardman.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lord Gustavus.

"Excellent!" echoed his attendant satellites

"Then it only remains for us to put it in execution," said Lord Maysworth.

"If the princess will excuse my absence—" began Lord Gustavus.

"Oh, my Lord!" interrupted Rosabella hastily, for she dreaded his long speeches beyond the power of description, "think not of me: I must be, indeed, unreasonable, if I could complain of your absence, when it is for my service you will be employed."

"The princess speaks like an oracle," said Dr. Hardman; "and I think we cannot do better than put her wishes in execution."

"Farewell then, my friends," said Rosabella, her voice trembling with emotion as they parted, "and may success attend you; for the present, my poverty, in all but gratitude, prevents my wishes; but the time may come, when you shall find the powerful Queen will not forget the favours conferred upon the dependant princess."

"Oh!" cried the noble lords and Dr. Hardman, "do not mention reward; patriotism and the disinterested love of our country alone dictate our actions—we think of nothing else!"

"'Twould be treason, and worse than blasphemy," said Prince Ferdinand, "to mingle the thought of self-interest with such purposes. Who indeed can see the Princess Rosabella, and suffer the paltry thought of self to interfere with his devotion to her interests?"

Rosabella smiled graciously upon the youthful speaker, though she did not speak.

"If, however," said Lord Maysworth, "the

interests of the state should require a general more experienced than Lord Edmund, I have served, and I would willingly forego the transports of domestic peace to devote myself to the welfare of my country."

"Or, if the state should need a minister," observed Lord Gustavus, "thinking as I think, and as I am sure every one else must think, she has a right to command the services even of one so devoted to retirement as myself."

"For my part," said Dr. Hardman, "I wish neither place nor pension; but if my humble services in a medical capacity—"

"Fear not," returned Rosabella, "but that all your wishes shall be gratified; for, if I should be Queen, I shall only regard myself as an agent to dispose my power to the hands of those most worthy of it."

As she said this she withdrew, having the rare happiness to leave all her auditors perfectly satisfied with her conduct. In fact, such was their delight, that each stood for some moments after her departure lost in contemplation, indulging in day-dreams of the delightful antici-

pations her words and manner had excited, till, like Farmer Ashfield and his dame in "Speed the Plough," they were in imminent danger of running foul of each other in their abstraction: the entrance of a servant, however, roused them from their reveries; and, feeling somewhat alarmed of having so far forgotten the dignified sentiments they had been professing, they retired to their respective homes to take measures to put the scheme that had been suggested into execution.

"How I hate that Lord Gustavus," exclaimed Rosabella when she reached her boudoir. "Even if he makes a sensible observation, he adds so many explanations to it, that the spirit evaporates."

"Yes," returned Marianne, "he has yet to learn, that to tack explanations to wit, is like adding water to wine; you diminish its strength and spoil its flavour; but even he is preferable to Lord Maysworth."

"Oh! I don't think so," cried Rosabella, "for a ridiculous fool is always better than a prosing one. I can laugh at Lord Mays-

worth, but Lord Gustavus sends me to sleep."

"When an important enterprize is undertaken," said Marianne, "it will not do to be very scrupulous about the tools one employs to accomplish it. It is the part of a man of talent to discover the weaknesses of the human beings around him, and make them each subservient to his purpose."

"At any rate, that is not difficult in my case," rejoined Rosabella; "for my good friends are so eager to show themselves off, that, I must do them the justice to say, they neither give me the trouble to find out their weaknesses, nor the way to win them. Prince Ferdinand is the only one who possesses a single spark of noble feeling."

"And he, I think you say, seemed struck with your appearance?"

"He appeared to be so."

"We must improve that prepossession. The alliance of Germany may be invaluable to us. You must encourage the hopes of the prince, and do all you can to fan his infant passion into a flame."

" But I love Edmund."

" Pshaw! how can you be so childish? I do not wish you to love Prince Ferdinand. If you can contrive to make him love you, it will be all that is necessary."

" But do you consider the cruelty of trifling with his feelings?"

Marianne laughed. " I did not imagine you so romantic," said she tauntingly. " Do not alarm yourself; the rage for dying of love is gone by: therefore, notwithstanding the power of your charms, you must excuse me, if I presume to doubt their murderous properties."

Rosabella was too much mortified by the manner in which her confidant treated her scruples, to wish to continue the conversation; though the reasoning of Marianne produced its full effect upon her mind, and even, in spite of herself, influenced her conduct.

In the mean time, the family of Mr. Montagu experienced considerable uneasiness on account of Clara, whose health gradually declined.

"I cannot imagine what is the matter with my daughter?" said Mrs. Montagu one day to Dr. Coleman; "I wish you would talk to her a little.—Here, Clara, my dear, do just step this way.—You will be quite shocked, doctor, at the change in her appearance. Poor girl! I don't think she has ever properly overcome the fright she experienced at the first sight of the Mummy, for she has never seemed herself since. Indeed

'It seems to me she hoards some secret care,
That breaks her rest and drives her to despair.'"

"What do you quote that from, my dear?" asked Mr. Montagu, more interested in his wife's quotation than the illness of his daughter.

"Oh! it is one of a lot I bought the other day at the patent steam-book manufactory, in Hatton-Garden. I had been buying some other things, and so I persuaded the man to throw me in a bargain of quotations very cheap. They were all quite new, and ready cut, dried, and made up into pills for use. But I never saw such a man in my life;—you think nothing

at all about your daughter. I really wish you would question her a little, for she will tell me nothing."

"Very well, my dear, I will," said Mr. Montagu; but the next instant he was absorbed in his studies again, and had even quite forgotten that such a being as Clara existed.

"Really," said Mrs. Montagu to the doctor, "I do not think any poor woman in the world ever was so plagued as I am. You see what a husband I have. He never troubles his head about any thing; and if I were to take it into my head to walk off, I don't think he would even miss me; and then, my daughter—but here she comes.—Clara, I sent for you to speak to Dr. Coleman."

Dr. Coleman was excessively struck by the alteration in Clara's appearance. The beautiful, lively, blooming girl was changed to a pale shadow-like being, whose existence seemed to hang upon a thread, and whose fragile form the first ungentle breeze would annihilate."

"What is the matter with you, my dear child?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing," said Clara, sighing.

"And I don't know any thing that can be worse," said Father Murphy, who happened to be present;" for that 's the speech a young lady always makes when she 's in love, and I don't know any disease that 's harder to cure."

"In love!" cried Mr. Montagu, roused from his lethargy by that ill-omened word, which generally grates so harshly upon the ears of parents and guardians. "In love!" repeated he, looking earnestly at his daughter; "who can she possibly be in love with?"

"Ay, that 's the question," said his wife: "for I 'm sure I never trust her from under my own eye; and I 'll defy her to fall in love without my knowing it. No, no, she cannot be in love."

"Och! and that 's no rason at all," cried Father Murphy, "for I never knew of watching doing any good at all in such matters."

"Well, Clara," said Dr. Coleman, "you hear Father Murphy's opinion; do you plead guilty to the charge?"

Clara's blushes became deeper, and her agi-

tation so excessive, as Dr. Coleman fixed his eyes upon her, that, finding she could not bear his looks, she burst into tears, and hurried out of the room. Poor Clara! the fangs of the most cruel of passions had indeed pierced thy heart, though thou wast unconscious of it thyself!

It may be remembered, that, on the day of Edmund's triumph, Clara had been forcibly struck by the fine figure and noble appearance of a youth, who had walked as prisoner in the procession. It was Prince Ferdinand; who, having formed a strong intimacy with Lord Edmund, had been an almost constant visitor at the house of Mrs. Montagu ever since. Clara was just at the age when the human mind first begins to feel the want of something to love. In her own family, her affections had been thrown back upon herself; and, being driven to the regions of fancy to find an object to occupy her heart, she would often wander for hours together in the garden, picturing to herself adventures, which she would paint in all the vivid colours of imagination;

till, lost in creations of her own, she would almost forget the tame, cold realities of life.

Of course, all these imaginary adventures could not exist without a hero; but Clara could never fix upon any definite form to bestow upon him, till she had seen Prince Ferdinand. Then, all her dreams seemed realized; and the secret God of her idolatry appeared to stand before her, in *propria persona*. Clara was now perfectly happy; and as, from the prince's frequent visits to her cousin, she now often passed whole days in his society, though he perhaps scarcely saw her, or at most regarded her but as a pretty child, yet she was satisfied: she saw him, and she heard him speak; what more was wanting to complete her dream of bliss?

Lord Edmund's departure for the country, however, broke this magic charm. Prince Ferdinand came no more to Mrs. Montagu's; and Clara heard of him only as the devoted admirer of Rosabella. Jealousy till that moment had been scarcely known to her, even by name; but it now shot its fiercest pangs into her

heart. She had never been accustomed to conceal her feelings, and they now destroyed her. The climax, however, was still to come. One day, as she was mournfully pacing the terrace in her father's garden, she was startled by the appearance of Prince Ferdinand himself: her agitation was excessive; her lips trembled, and she panted for breath; but he passed on without noticing her—yes, it was he, the cherished idol of her thoughts, the hero of her dreams;—and he had passed without seeing, or at least without seeming to behold her. Was it possible he could have seen her and passed so coldly?—was it possible she could be so totally indifferent to one who was all the world to her? Oh! there was madness in the thought! she could not bear her own reflections. What would become of her, she knew not—she cared not; and, in an agony of despair, she plunged into the thickest grove of the garden.

Though it was summer, the day was cold and chilly; a drizzling mist fell fast, and a thick fog from the river wrapped the grove in gloom. Heedless however of the weather, Clara has-

tened on to the spot where stood the marble urn; but as she approached it, she started back, for close beside it stood the hideous figure of Cheops, dimly seen through the gathering gloom.

"Fear not!" said he in a softened, though still hollow voice; "tell me your woes, and, if I can, I will assist you."

"Alas! it is in vain," cried Clara in an agony of despair too profound even to admit of her feeling the fear generally experienced by all who saw the Mummy; "no one can relieve me,—I have no hope!"

Cheops smiled. "Poor child!" said he, "it is always thus when Eros first creeps into the soul, covering his arrows with roses, so that they are not seen till their barbed points rankle in the heart! I cannot tell how much I pity thee! So young and lovely too, it is hard that even thou shouldst not be exempt from the common lot of mortals! Yet do not despair."

"I do despair!" cried Clara, darting away from him; "I am truly wretched!"

From this moment Clara saw the Mummy

almost daily, and her mind acquired new force and energy from his society, though her health visibly declined. It was not, indeed, possible for human beings to hold daily intercourse with Cheops without feeling their souls withered. The glowing tints of youth and health faded rapidly from the cheeks of Clara; she became pale and spiritless, whilst she appeared to have lost all interest in the common affairs of life. Her fits of abstraction, however, her dejection, and her solitary wanderings, at length became so evident as to excite the attention of her mother, and the scene we have just described was the result.

Nothing could be more painful to poor Clara than the questioning she had undergone. She rushed from the presence of her parents to her favourite garden, to think over what had passed, and implore the assistance of the mysterious being with whom she had associated herself. He was not there, however; and though she repeatedly called upon his name, he came not. The weather was now delicious; the autumnal tints, that had just begun to

change the lovely verdure of summer into a glowing brown, gave richness to the landscape. Since the abolition of coal and wood fires, the air of London had become pure and bright, though it still remained soft from its vicinity to the river, and it was thus highly favourable to vegetation: whilst, as no house was permitted to approach within a certain distance of the Thames, the sumptuous gardens that bordered its banks were beautiful in the extreme. That of Mr. Montagu, which has been so often alluded to, was in particular laid out in the greatest taste; and its grateful shade and delicious fragrance calmed poor Clara's troubled spirits, and soothed them to repose. Nothing, indeed, could have a more lulling effect upon the harassed senses than the scene before her. The air was perfectly still; not a leaf was agitated, not a flower stirred; all nature seemed to repose, but Clara alone felt restless. The questions of Dr. Coleman, and surmises of Father Murphy, had created a variety of new feelings in her mind; and she wandered up and down, oppressed by a sensation of melan-

choly which she had never felt before. She could not define her own sensations; she could not analyze her thoughts; and, as she sauntered to and fro without any determinate object, she listlessly pulled the leaves from a rose that she carried in her hands.

The scattering of the rose-leaves, however, recalled her to herself, and she smiled as she saw the mischief she had done. "Alas! poor rose!" sighed she, apostrophizing the flower; "I know not why I have destroyed thee!" Then walking hastily away, she plunged into the thickest part of the grove. "Why am I thus agitated?" said she to herself. "Why do I feel thus miserable and discontented? Can it be love? Love!" she repeated, whilst deep blushes glowed upon her cheeks, and she started at the echo of her own voice. She threw herself upon a turfy bank under a shady tree, and, resting her head upon her hand, watched through the leaves the light fleecy clouds that drifted along the sky, till, oppressed by the painful nature of her own sensations, she sighed heavily, and tears swam in her eyes.

At this moment, footsteps rapidly approached; and Clara, springing upon her feet, hastily drew her hand across her eyes, and hid herself amongst the trees.

Dr. Hardman and Father Morris, who approached, seemed absorbed in conversation; and Clara, who dreaded Father Morris excessively, kept herself concealed, to avoid meeting him. We have already mentioned, that she was simple and innocent to a degree; but hers was the simplicity of ignorance, not folly. Her natural abilities were excellent, and her mind uncommonly strong. She therefore neither screamed nor fainted, though, from her present position, she became auditor to a scene of the deepest villany. Notwithstanding the influence which Rosabella's party had at present in state, Father Morris was not satisfied. He wished to make her election certain, and this could be only done by removing Elvira. Dr. Hardman was her physician—the rest may be easily imagined.

Clara trembled, and her flesh seemed to creep upon her bones, as she listened to this

horrid conference. But her terror was even increased when they changed the subject, and spoke no longer of an intended murder, but of one which had been already committed. Clara shook in every limb, and her lips and cheeks became blanched with fear; yet she uttered no cry, nor betrayed her presence by the slightest motion. At length they went, and Clara stood like one awakened from a fearful dream, almost doubting the reality of what she had heard.

An hour elapsed, yet Clara still stood motionless. What should she do? Would her unassisted testimony be believed in matters of such awful import against the weight and influence of two persons of so much consequence in the state? No, she felt it would not. Yet, if she remained silent, she would be accessary to the murder of Elvira. What could she do? what course ought she to pursue?—she knew not. A chaos of thoughts seemed whirling through her brain, and threatened almost to drive her to madness. The longer she thought, the more she became confused; and she began

to fear her senses were actually leaving her, when a solemn voice sounded in her ear. Well did she know those deep and awful tones—they were those of Cheops; and, confiding the awful secret to him, she promised to comply implicitly with his injunctions.

It was the day following this adventure, that, as Father Murphy and Abelard were conversing tranquilly together, lamenting over the degeneracy of the age, their conference was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the duke.

"Where is Sir Ambrose?" cried he in a state of violent agitation—"where is Sir Ambrose? I must see Sir Ambrose immediately."

"Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake!" said Father Morris, who had followed him unobserved. "This violent agitation will destroy you: remember your recent illness, your age, your weakness—"

"Where is Sir Ambrose?" cried the duke.

"This vehemence is unbefitting of your station," continued Father Morris: "moderate it, I entreat you—it can do no good."

"Will no one call Sir Ambrose?" reiterated the duke: and as the baronet, who had been summoned by Abelard, appeared, he threw himself into his arms, sobbing like a child.

"Oh, my dear, dear friend!" exclaimed he, "they are determined to ruin Elvira. Lord Gustavus and his adherents are gone to their country-seats to try to influence the election of the deputies; and my child can have no chance against such treachery."

"If that be all," said Henry Seymour, who had accompanied the baronet, "why not follow their example? your influence must, at least, be equal to theirs."

"He is right," rejoined Sir Ambrose. "I know not why we did not do so sooner; but, even now, it is not too late."

"And what end can possibly be produced by such a measure?" asked Father Morris, scowling darkly at the youth: "the freedom of the election should be inviolable."

"But!" hastily interrupted the duke, "if they attempt to control it, we may surely—"

"I was not before aware," said Father Mor-

ris, in his cold, ironical manner, "that the circumstance of others doing evil was any reason for our committing sin."

"Nonsense!" cried the duke; "there can be no sin in securing the election of my daughter; and so, Sir Ambrose, we will set off to-night, if you please."

"With all my heart!" said Sir Ambrose: and the two old men and Henry Seymour hurried away, leaving the monk alone. He did not, however, long remain so, for in a few seconds Cheops was at his side.

"So, Sir," said Father Morris, scowling upon Cheops with a look of deadly hatred, "you have proved yourself my friend, in suffering this babbling boy to counteract my views. Did you not boast he was your slave?"

The Mummy met his glance without shrinking; and, bursting into one of his fearful laughs, exclaimed tauntingly, "And so he is: but I thought you had determined not to oppose the duke any longer. It seems, then, I did not understand your reasoning in the garden."

"Fiend! cursed mocking fiend!" cried the friar, gnashing his teeth.

"Nay!" returned Cheops, "why blame me? Was I wrong in believing what you said? Was it, then, only a part you were acting to deceive me?"

"Demon! thou canst read my heart; but it is thy wish to drive me to distraction."

"No, no, my good Father Morris, my worthy friend, I honour you too much! If I can read your heart, I must be charmed to see such devotion to your friends, such candour, openness, and integrity."

"Taunting devil! be my sins what they may, thy presence is a penance that might redeem them. By Heaven! hell itself were easier to endure than those bitter scoffs."

"And darest thou talk of Heaven?" said the Mummy in an awful voice, that thrilled through the father's soul; whilst his eyes glared with such supernatural lustre that the priest could not bear their beams, and sank upon one knee before him, bending his head to the ground. "'Tis as it should be!" continued

Cheops, with one of his fiendish laughs. "Yes, he is mine—he bends before my will! Now will I tell thee what thy feeble reason was too powerless to discover: I am still thy friend. The duke and Sir Ambrose will only injure their cause by the ill-judged measures they will take to promote it. They had the advantage of justice, honour, and open dealing upon their side; was it nothing to deprive them of these fair sounding words? Will they in future be able to complain of corruption, when they have attempted to corrupt? Had it not been so, even if success had crowned your efforts, would not the minds of men have inclined to the side of injured integrity? for so they might have termed the party of the duke. Might they not also have said the election was secured by bribery and deceit; and upon the first discontent that arose against Rosabella's government, would they not have recurred fondly to the recollection of the honest, open dealing, plain speaking duke! Men naturally love and respect virtue, though they may be seduced for a time by the allurements of vice. Thus, though they might

not have had strength of mind to resist the arts of your party, their best feelings would have still remained upon the side of Elvira. This can now no longer be the case. The duke and Sir Ambrose voluntarily throw away their strongest hold—they rush blindfold to destruction. They degrade themselves to your level; whilst, as they are unused to deceit, they will not succeed in their endeavours, and disgrace will be their only reward. Now, do you blame me?"

"Blame you!" exclaimed Father Morris; "you are my friend, my best, my only friend, my preserver."

"With regard to Edmund," said Cheops, "we must excite his jealousy. If he were detached from Elvira, her cause would perish."

"It would, it would!" cried Father Morris."

"Try then thy efforts," said Cheops; "and if thou canst excite suspicions, fan them gently to a flame, yet without seeming to do so. Do not attack Elvira openly, or assert broadly that she loves another; but hint it darkly, so that your victim cannot misunderstand, and

that the damning certainty may flash upon his mind with greater force than mere words can give. Well knowest thou what I mean, and well hath Nature modelled thee for such a part. That downcast look, that insinuating voice, and half ironical manner; the infernal deity himself could not well have wished a more fitting agent to execute his designs on earth than thou. Work then upon Edmund, and success cannot fail to follow your attempts."

"Thou Machiavel!" cried Father Morris; "my friend, my dearest friend, my benefactor: oh! how I could fall down and worship thee!"

A sardonic smile curled the haughty lips of Cheops. "Learn then to obey in silence," said he, "nor dare again to blame designs far beyond your comprehension!"

CHAPTER VI.

The day following was appointed for the departure of the two families of the duke and Sir Ambrose for the country; and the whole preceding evening was passed by the two old men in arranging their plans, and forming new schemes to ensure success. Elvira took no part in this conversation, though certainly the person most interested: she was thoughtful and *distraite;* she was too restless to remain in one place. She walked to the window; she returned, and she again sat down. She attempted to work, to read, to draw—all was in vain; all seemed tasteless and insipid. Again she went to the window, and, opening its folding doors, stepped out upon the balcony. It was a

delightful night, and the air felt soft and warm. Vines, laden with their luscious fruit, twined from pillar to pillar of the balcony, forming a kind of verdant network, whilst the moon shone bright upon the lovely scene beyond. Below, a smooth green lawn stretched forth like a velvet carpet, bounded on each side by Chinese rose-trees, the delicate tints of which looked still more transparently beautiful in the lovely light. Behind these, rose trees of a loftier height and deeper shade, whilst at the extremity of the lawn wound the river. The clear moon-beams trembled on the gently rippling stream, and gave a transparent brightness to the graceful foliage of a weeping willow, which hung over the water, and quivered in every passing breeze.

Elvira gazed upon the fair scene before her, and sighed heavily as she gazed. A gentle sigh softly echoed hers, and she started to find that Henry Seymour was standing before her.

"How beautiful is Nature," said he, "when undefiled by the follies and sins of man. Here one might forget the world, and all its

busy turmoil of deceit. When one gazes thus upon the sublime and lovely face of Nature, how poor do all the arts, the ambition, and the pitiful contrivances of man appear. The soul seems elevated to its proper sphere, and to long to throw off the frail covering of clay, which yet chains it down to the grovelling passions of earth, and to soar triumphant to its native skies."

His fine eyes were turned to heaven as he spoke; and Elvira gazed upon them and his noble countenance beaming with enthusiasm, till she quite forgot to reply.

"Do you not agree with me, Elvira!" said he, in a tone of the softest melody, fixing his eyes upon hers with a look that sank deep into her heart. Again she sighed deeply, but she could not speak. "Oh, Elvira," continued he, taking her hand; "will you forget me? will not the remembrance of this night form a tie between us, when we shall be far, far apart?"

"Apart!" cried Elvira, almost with a shriek of surprise.

The youth sighed; and, gazing earnestly

upon her blushing face, whispered tenderly, as he pressed her hand to his heart, "O that I could flatter myself sorrow mingled with that sigh."

"Why, what is this?" said the old duke, bustling to the window; "the doctor tells me you are going to leave us. Surely you might contrive to stay till after the election."

"I am very sorry, Sir," said the youth; "but the circumstance that calls me away—"

"Ay, ay, the doctor told me; a near relation dangerously ill, that can't die in peace till he 's seen you. Well, well, my boy, such things must be; and if he 's doomed to die, I only wish him an easy death, and you a good legacy."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am to part with you," said Sir Ambrose, who now advanced, "nor how sincerely I wish you good fortune."

"Thank you, thank you, Sir," said the youth: "alas! I now feel how poor words are to express my gratitude for all your kindness. But—"

"I am sorry to hasten you, Mr. Seymour," said Dr. Coleman, who now approached; "but time wears apace."

"True, true," said Henry, "I had forgotten. Once more farewell. God bless you all!" and he hurried away, as though fearful of his own resolution if he ventured to stay another second. For the rest of the evening, Elvira was silent and abstracted; the suddenness of the blow seemed to have stunned her, and she felt like one wandering in a dream. Was he really gone? Should she never see him more? were questions she scarcely dared even to ask herself. "He was nothing to me, a mere common acquaintance," she repeated incessantly; and yet she felt a wearisome void, a sickening disgust and impatience at every thing around her, which she had never experienced before. "What can be the matter with me," said she peevishly; "I shall never see him again; and it is the excess of weakness to feel an interest in the fate of one, who is evidently so indifferent about me; and yet he seemed affected when he said we were about to

part. Was he really so? But of what consequence to me is it whether he were so or not. I shall never see him more." And Elvira sighed involuntarily at the thought. "I am devoted to other prospects. I—in short, I will think of him no more." And, in pursuance of this magnanimous resolution, she thought of nothing else all night.

The following day, Elvira and her friends went into the country; but, as Cheops had predicted, the duke and Sir Ambrose proved quite unequal to the task they had undertaken, and they only lost their popularity by the attempt. Men were disgusted to see personages hitherto considered so respectable descend to meanness, and the shallowness of the artifices by which it was intended to impose upon them excited their contempt. In the mean time, Lord Edmund was not more successful in London than his friends in the country: he had marched a chosen body of troops within a convenient distance of the metropolis; in consequence of which ill-judged measure, the members of the council, to show that they were not influenced by the

fear of military authority, and to vindicate their independence, invariably opposed every measure that he suggested.

As the law, however, forbade any decisive promises till the actual day of election, there was still hope, though the friends of Elvira struggled on, rather from a wish not too hastily to abandon her cause, than from any rational, well-founded prospect of success.

In the midst of these anxieties, Elvira's health indeed seemed rapidly declining. A weight that nothing could alleviate, hung upon her spirits; she made no effort to secure voters; but pale, silent, and melancholy, she glided about—the ghost of her former self. Still, however, she was lovely; the increased delicacy of her complexion, and shadowy lightness of her form, harmonized well with the general style of her beauty; whilst her fine eyes, shaded by their long silken lashes, only shone more brilliantly from the glowing hectic of the cheek below.

The time fixed for the important ceremony now rapidly approached; the election of the deputies was concluded, and the families of the duke and Sir Ambrose prepared to return to

town. The night, however, before they departed, the duke gave a grand *fête champêtre* to the neighbouring gentry; and as a considerable number of the deputies were expected, he particularly enjoined Elvira to exert herself to the utmost to win their suffrages. Never perhaps had Elvira looked more beautiful than she did that night, as, pale, trembling and timid, she received her numerous guests; and never, perhaps, was effect more magical than that which her appearance produced. Her very diffidence and modesty attracted; and the reserve, with which she shunned, rather than sought the attention of the crowd, completed the enchantment.

"It is her fear of seeming to wish to interest us," whispered one deputy to another, "that makes her treat us so coldly."

"Yes," replied the other; "and I like her the better for it. If she were to attempt to make herself agreeable, I should hate her; the duke and Sir Ambrose have sickened us of that!"

The fête was given in the gardens of the duke, which were beautiful and extensive, and

now brilliantly illuminated by lamps suspended from the trees. There was something, however, not quite congenial to Elvira's taste in thus marrying the gorgeous splendour of art to the simplicity of nature, and she sighed heavily as she watched the flaring lamps scorching the calm pale verdure of the trees.

"Now this is as it should be," said the old duke, as he led his daughter to the pavilion appointed for her to receive her guests; "Elvira now looks like herself. Does she not, Dr. Coleman?"

The doctor shook his head: "I fear," began he—

"Oh! we will have no fears to-night!" cried the duke gaily; "remember, Elvira! every thing now depends upon you. Play the part of the smiling, condescending hostess; win the hearts of the deputies, and you will make that of your old father leap for joy. We shall have a gay party, sha'n't we, doctor?" continued he, eyeing the groups as they advanced. "I wish your friend, Henry Seymour, were here amongst us."

Elvira started, and deep blushes suffused her cheeks at the mention of this name. The doctor eyed her attentively, though he replied as though he had not noticed her agitation. "It was urgent business, you know, that obliged him to leave England."

"He was a charming youth," said the duke; "so gay and yet so fearless. I think, however, I observed that his spirits seemed much depressed the last time I saw him."

"You know he said it was the death—I mean the illness of a relation, that compelled him to go."

"Young men don't generally feel so much for the illness, or even death of old ones," returned the duke: "now, if I were to judge, doctor, I should think it far more likely it was some love affair. But we can't stay talking about it now. I must go, and attend to my guests: and do you mind, Elvira, and make yourself agreeable."

Poor Elvira, however, was, perhaps, never less fitted to obey her father's injunctions than at this moment; for the conversation she had

just heard, had quite deranged her nerves. Her father's supposition inflicted a deep pang on her heart; and though she went through the duties of her station mechanically, her mind wandered to Henry Seymour.

It was a lovely night, and the general effect of the scene, as groupes of elegantly-dressed people flitted to and fro through the lighted groves, was striking in the extreme. Beautiful flowering exotics decorated the pavilion of Elvira, and the balmy air that fanned their blossoms, seemed loaded with sweets; whilst the richly illuminated castle, rearing its lofty towers in awful grandeur in the distance, had the appearance of a fairy palace.

Elvira listlessly gazed upon the magic scene, till she felt almost fainting with the fatigue her situation as hostess imposed upon her; and she looked with a languid and almost despairing eye upon the crowds that came still pouring into the gardens. The throng, however, now opened, and a tall and dignified figure found its way through the mass. It was Lord Ed-

mund: he approached rapidly, and threw himself at Elvira's feet: "My adored Elvira!" exclaimed he.

"You here, my Lord?" cried the princess; whose eyes, enfeebled by exhaustion, had not permitted her to recognise him till he was immediately before her: "I did not expect to see you here to-night!"

"Does my presence pain you then?" said Lord Edmund, looking at her attentively. "They told me you were ill, and I do indeed find you changed."

"I am better now," returned Elvira faintly.

"Do not deceive yourself," cried he, with the most intense anxiety. "You are ill—you are not equal to this fatigue. Retire from this scene, it will destroy you."

"I dare not," replied Elvira, still more feebly, "without permission from my father; though, I own, I do feel exhausted!"

Lord Edmund waited for no more; but darted to find the duke, and obtain his wished for sanction. The next instant, his

place was supplied by Prince Ferdinand, who had been invited into the country a few days before by the duke; and who, with the inconstancy natural to his disposition, had now become as deeply smitten with Elvira, as he had before been with Rosabella. Elvira, however, saw him not; and, looking gratefully after Lord Edmund, sighed profoundly as she lost sight of him among the crowd.

"Happy Edmund!" said the prince; "what would I not give to create a feeling in that lovely bosom, like that caused by thy absence!"

Elvira blushed at the earnest gaze of the youthful German, as she replied, without exactly knowing what she said, "Do you suppose, then, that the absence of Lord Edmund gave me pain?"

"What other cause can I divine for your melancholy?" said Ferdinand. "Adored by every heart, admired by every eye, and blest at once with rank, beauty, and affection, what can Elvira wish?—and what can cloud her brow with sorrow, or heave her lovely bosom with a sigh,

unless it be the loss of the favoured lover whom ambition bids her sacrifice?"

"And think you so poorly of me," returned Elvira indignantly, "as to suppose, if I really loved Lord Edmund, that ambition would tempt me to sacrifice him?"

"Can a heart like yours then be really dead to love?" said the prince, gazing upon her earnestly. "Can Nature have formed such exquisite beauty, and forgotten to give a soul to pity the wretches it must make?"

Elvira blushed deeply as he spoke, for his ardent look embarrassed her; and her eyes having been modestly withdrawn, again met those of Lord Edmund, who had returned without her perceiving him. 'Twas but for a moment, however, that she gazed upon him, for she shrank aghast from his withering glance. Jealousy and hatred curled his lips, and darkened upon his brow; whilst his features seemed so changed, that Elvira could scarcely believe he was indeed the same she had so lately spoken with.

"I beg your Highness's pardon," said he

haughtily; "I would not have presumed to intrude, if I had known you were engaged. I fancied that you wished to retire, and had obtained the duke's permission for your doing so; but—"

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Edmund!" cried Elvira; "most gladly will I seek my chamber." Then marking a slight smile upon Prince Ferdinand's face, she hesitated, for she recollected the interpretation he had put upon her melancholy and indifference. Lord Edmund's agony was beyond description: he saw her hesitation; he saw her look at Ferdinand, and fancying she sought his approval before she would retire, his jealous rage was unbounded, and, darting at her a look of ungovernable passion, he sprang from the pavilion, and was out of sight in an instant. Elvira could not bear his look, nor his unreasonable jealousy; and, exhausted by her previous fatigue, she fainted. A crowd soon gathered round her, and she was carried to her chamber in a state of insensibility.

"Mark me!" said a figure muffled in a thick cloak, speaking in a deep, low whisper, as he laid

his hand upon the arm of Father Morris, who stood gazing after Elvira, with a look of intense anxiety; "she must not die; for if she does, I swear by the holy tomb of Osiris at Philæ, Rosabella never shall be Queen!"

From that hour, Elvira recovered; and the consumptive symptoms, that had so strongly excited the alarm of her friends, entirely disappeared.

Lord Edmund was conversing earnestly with one of the deputies, and, notwithstanding his jealousy, advocating the cause of Elvira with vehemence, when he was informed that she had fainted: his first impulse was to fly to her assistance; and when he found she had been removed to her chamber, his heart smote him for the cruel manner in which he had left her.

"She was really ill," thought he; "and, in her feeble state, my harshness overpowered her. But never again shall my foolish jealousy disturb her peace. No! let her scorn me—hate me, if she will. I will bear all the tortures she can inflict, rather than again hazard wounding that gentle bosom. Let her smile on whom she lists, even

upon that hated German, I will not repine: if she be happy, I will ask no more."

Thus thought Edmund, and he knew not that he deceived himself, till he saw Prince Ferdinand, who, with the happy elasticity of youth, was chatting gaily with one of the beauties of the court. "Love him!" thought he, as a scornful smile passed over his features—"love him, did I say? Oh, no! it is impossible; I could not endure to see her love that coxcomb:" and, shuddering with the torments of jealousy, he turned away.

Cheops was near him, muffled in a thick cloak that shrouded him from observation; the Mummy marked the changes in Lord Edmund's countenance, and read well the feelings they betrayed.

"Yes, even he," said he, with one of his fearful laughs, "will soon be mine; for never yet did man trust in his own strength, that did not fall."

CHAPTER VII.

The day of election now rapidly approached. The duke, Sir Ambrose, the rival candidates, and the opposition lords, were all in London. The deputies were also assembled; and though it was forbidden to declare publicly for whom they intended to vote, till the decisive moment arrived; yet the popular feeling seemed so strongly in favour of Rosabella, that there appeared scarcely a chance for her rival.

Exulting in her expected triumph, and confident of success, Rosabella sate in the splendid *boudoir* allotted to her use in Lord Gustavus's house, musing on her hoped-for grandeur. A large mirror was opposite to her; and as Rosa-

bella saw her own fine figure reflected in it, joy sparkled in her eyes, and her mind wandered enraptured through scenes of future glory. Thus, completely absorbed in pleasing meditations, Rosabella was not aware that Cheops stood before her, till she heard his full, deep-toned voice repeating her name.

"Rosabella!" said he—"Rosabella! Queen of England! hail!"

"Cheops!" exclaimed she.

"Hail to the Queen of England!" resumed he: "no longer need you stoop to solicit suffrages: your fate is sealed!"

"Think you that I am quite safe?" asked the princess; her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks glowing.

"Certainly—there cannot be a doubt."

"Then I may bid defiance to these wretches, and need no longer submit to their caprices, or be subservient to their humours."

"Not unless you like it."

"Like it!" exclaimed Rosabella, her eyes flashing fire; "can you suppose I like to practise meanness?"

"Policy, indeed, recommends a contrary course," continued the Mummy; "as, if you do not assert your own independence, they will encroach upon your condescension, and treat you as a slave."

Rosabella bit her lips, and her bosom swelled with indignation.

The Mummy took no notice of her agitation, but went on. "Let them not bind you by any promises. Prove yourself a free and independent sovereign. Trample upon them, and they will crouch at your feet: but crouch to them, and they will trample upon you!"

"You say right," said Rosabella proudly; "and my would-be masters shall soon find their error. They think weakness has made me submit to their arrogance; but they shall see their folly."

The influence the Mummy exercised over the minds of all those he came in contact with was astonishing; and, in pursuance of his advice, Rosabella, from this moment, resumed her usual imperious manner; and received the compliments paid to her with the air rather of

an empress long seated upon the throne, than that of an aspiring candidate for regal honours, dependant only upon the favour of the people. This excessive confidence, however, displeased the deputies.

"She hardly leaves us a choice," said they; "for she seems to command us to choose her. Notwithstanding the strength of her party, and the weakness of her rival, we don't think she should take the thing quite in her own hands: the old Queen ordered that the people should choose her successor; but this princess seems to have chosen herself. It is very kind of her to wish to save us the trouble; but, with her good leave, we think we might have managed to go through it without her help."

These murmurs, however, though deep, were not loud; the party of Rosabella being too firmly established for any one to dare openly to oppose it. The opposition lords had all returned to town, and, though they had not completely succeeded in the object of their journey to the country, they had at least satisfied them-

selves; and by the activity they had displayed, given themselves, as they imagined, a just title to the gratitude of their future Queen.

In the mean time, the friends of Elvira almost despaired; few persons of note declared themselves her advocates; and though the favourable impression she had made upon the deputies still faintly operated, the feeling was fast fading away. An invincible repugnance to appear as the leader of a party, oppressed her; and she shrank from the public gaze with a sensation little short of horror. Lord Edmund, however, still remained her firm and almost her only friend. Yet, though he exerted every nerve on her behalf, even he despaired of obtaining her election. Sometimes, indeed, as he gazed upon her beauty, a selfish feeling crept over his soul, and he could scarcely repress an emotion of joy, as he thought of the possibility that she might still be his; for the very qualities that impeded her success, only endeared her yet more fondly to his heart. The next instant, however, his nobler feelings would reproach this selfish joy, and with a kind

of penitential sorrow, he would strive by fresh efforts to destroy the hopes, for the gratification of which his very soul panted.

" I presume," said Lord Gustavus de Montfort to Rosabella, the day before that appointed for the election, " your Highness does not intend to make Lord Maysworth a minister as well as a general; for, thinking as I think, and as I am confident every one else must think, I feel assured he has no talents for the cabinet."

" As Queen of England, my Lord," returned Rosabella proudly, " I will not be dictated to; though I will do my best to choose such ministers as may, in my judgment, be most likely to promote the welfare of my country."

Lord Gustavus was thunderstruck, and he gazed after her, as she retired, with mingled feelings of astonishment and indignation. " You are *not* Queen of England yet, however," said he to himself, " and it is possible you never may be. What pride! what haughtiness! If I had been a slave, she could not have shown more contempt. ' When I am Queen of England,' said she, I ' will not be dictated to.' ' Queen

of England,' said she? Humph! thinking as I think, and as I am sure every one else must think, it is possible, that that is a contingency that may never arrive. Humph! 'I will not be dictated to'—Humph! Well, certainly I must confess I never heard a more dignified '*will not*' in my life."

It was the hour when Lord Gustavus was accustomed to hold a kind of levee where the partizans of the princess had been in the habit of assembling, under the guise of casual visitors; and as he thus cogitated, Lord Maysworth and Dr. Hardman were announced.

"My dear Lord Gustavus," cried the former, "you cannot imagine how impatient I feel to have to-morrow over. The uniform of the household-troops is horrible: I have determined to change it the very instant I am appointed commander-in-chief."

"If you should obtain that situation," replied Lord Gustavus doubtingly.

"What do you mean?" asked his friend, in astonishment. "I thought the means we had taken must infallibly ensure success."

"They must ensure the election of Rosabella," replied Lord Gustavus.

"And is not that all we wish?"

"Not quite," returned Lord Gustavus drily.

"I do not understand you," said Lord Maysworth.

"What can you mean?" demanded Dr. Hardman.

"I mean," replied Lord Gustavus, in his usual cold, precise manner, "that, thinking as I think, and as I am sure every one else must think, from the conversation that has just taken place between the princess and myself, I am convinced that our possession of the places she has promised to us, is by no means the necessary consequence of her accession to the throne."

"Oh!" cried his auditors, looking perfectly aghast: a farther explanation confirmed their fears. "I could not have believed it!" exclaimed both; and as the partizans of Rosabella continued to arrive, they were successively apprized of and paralyzed by the appalling news. Divers were the sensations thus excited: but amongst all, notwithstanding their professed

disinterestedness, there was not one whose sentiments remained unchanged by the intelligence.

In the mean time, Rosabella, in the solitude of her own chamber, became aware of the imprudence she had committed, though she brooded in secret over her uneasiness, and felt too proud to avow it even to Marianne; whilst that faithful confidant, quite unsuspicious of the error of her mistress, exulted in her expected triumph with as much transport as though it had been her own.

"To-morrow," said she, "I shall have to do homage to my Queen, and I shall have the rapture of seeing crowds kneel humbly at her feet. Oh, would the happy day were come! how tedious will seem this long, long night! how wearisome will be the hours! Does not your heart also throb, my princess? To-morrow I shall see my Queen. To-morrow! oh, would it were to-day!"

The important day at last arrived, and the delegates, assembled in Blackheath Square, awaited with impatience the arrival of the princesses. Each was to deliver a speech; after

which, a nobleman was to be permitted to address the mob on her behalf, and then the majority of their votes was to decide.

The rival princesses appeared, and were hailed with enthusiasm. They were dressed with the utmost simplicity, in the purest white; whilst from their heads hung long veils of gossamer web, the ample folds of which effectually shielded their persons from observation. They were followed by their respective suites; Lord Gustavus and the opposition lords being most conspicuous in that of Rosabella; and Lord Edmund in that of Elvira. The Duke and Sir Ambrose, attended by the reverend fathers Morris and Murphy, were amongst the number of spectators: the two former feeling too much agitated to allow of their appearing as actors in the scene; and the others being, from different reasons, equally disqualified from taking a part in it.

All now was silent—the tumultuous, wave-like heaving of the multitude ceased; and every one listened in breathless expectation—for the princesses were about to speak. It was an awful

moment: the poor old duke's heart beat almost audibly; he sate, his eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look up, and holding the hand of his friend, Sir Ambrose, firmly in his own. It was Rosabella who was to speak first: she advanced with a firm, decided step; and when the attendants drew back the veil that covered her, the assembled multitude uttered a shout of admiration at her beauty. Her dark eyes flashed fire, as she proudly surveyed the crowd; and anticipated triumph gave an animated glow to her fine features. She looked, indeed, already a Queen, and seemed born only to command, and be obeyed. The multitude were awed by her presence; and listened with uplifted eyes, and the most profound silence, whilst she thus addressed them:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I feel the presumption I am guilty of, in thus venturing to address so august an assembly; but I trust the magnitude of the occasion that calls me forward may afford an excuse for my temerity. I come, gentlemen, to offer my-

self to you as your Sovereign, and the exalted nature of the trust I wish you to repose in me, inspires me with courage to deserve it. Yes, gentlemen, I say to deserve it; for I should consider myself unworthy to be appointed your Queen, if I were to shrink from performing any of the duties attendant upon the station; and one of the most arduous of these do I consider that of thus addressing you. I am aware, that, upon occasions like the present, it is usual for the aspiring candidate to promise miracles of reformation, that are to be effected upon the obtaining of power; I promise nothing of the kind, for I will tie myself to no promises. Elect me for your Queen, and I will fulfil the duties of my rank, according to the best of my own judgment. I will not submit to dictation; neither will I be censured by my subjects. I will be a free, independent Sovereign, or I will remain a subject. I scorn to attempt to practise any deception upon you. I wish you to see me as I really am; and then, if you think me worthy of the high office I aspire to, then, at least, I may assure you, you shall never have reason to blush

for your choice; nor shall the proud character which England has so long maintained, ever suffer a stain upon its glory at my hands. No, my countrymen, haughty as I may be deemed, I assure you, with sincerity, that I have ever held the name of Englishwoman as my noblest boast; and that I would not relinquish my title to it, were kingdoms offered in exchange. I can say no more. If you approve me as your Sovereign, your voices will obtain the fulfilment of your wishes; if you do not, worlds would not tempt me to accept the throne."

Rosabella now sate down amidst thunders of applause, whilst acclamations of "Long live Rosabella!" rent the air. These symptoms of approbation were, however, only produced by her beauty and her commanding manner; for when men came to analyze her speech, they found much in it to disapprove. The haughty manner in which she had disavowed control, indeed was neither calculated to win new friends, nor secure those she already had: as the counsellors who had so warmly supported

her cause, had certainly not imagined, that by so doing, they should shut the door of preferment against themselves; and what hope of promotion or power could remain during the reign of a Queen who had thus openly announced her intention of acting entirely for herself?

The prejudices of the people, too, were wounded; they had been so accustomed to promises of reformation and relief from taxation, upon the accession of a new Sovereign, that they were disappointed at not receiving them, although they knew from experience, that they meant nothing: just as persons fond of flattery cannot live without it, though they are well acquainted with its fallacy. Besides, even experience cannot make some people wise; and though the hopes of the English had been so often disappointed, it was pleasant still to have something held out to them to hope for. These thoughts soon arose in the breasts of the multitude; and a rising murmur was beginning to swell upon the ear, when the assembly was hushed to silence by perceiving Lord Noodle had risen, and was about to address them.

"My lords and gentlemen," said he, "it is with feelings of considerable embarrassment that I rise to address you. Every thing that can be said, has been said; and every thing that has been said, ought to have been said; and every thing that ought to have been said, has been said. What, then, can there possibly be left for me to say?

"Let it not be supposed, however, by my saying this, that I have nothing to say for myself; on the contrary, I think every body must allow I have said a great deal upon the said subject;" (here the noble lord tittered at his own wit, and well it was that he did so; as, if he had not, perhaps nobody might have found it out;) "say what I will, however, one thing must be clear, and that is, (if I was to speak for an hour I could say no more;)—that is, that you must have a Queen; and that you cannot choose a better one than the noble lady who has just sat down!—and so, gentlemen, she having finished, I think I cannot do better than follow her example!"

Shouts and roars of laughter followed this

speech, to the infinite delight of the enlightened orator; and he bowed and bowed on all sides, till his little head and bobbing periwig seemed to have acquired the gift of perpetual motion.

No sooner was the tumult a little subsided, than Elvira came forward to address the people. When her veil was removed, her agitation was extreme. Elvira was delicately fair, and the "eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks" in a thousand varying tints; for a few seconds she stood, her eyes fixed upon the ground, apparently endeavouring to collect herself: then raising her eyes, she seemed on the point of speaking, but her courage failing as she surveyed the immense multitude, every eye fixed upon her, and every ear listening for her words, the sounds died upon her lips, and after a few ineffectual attempts to speak, she buried her face in her veil, and sobbed aloud.

Who can describe the agitation of her aged father at this moment! When she appeared, he had risen, and, leaning forward, listened with a fearful eagerness, as though his ear would

drink in every syllable, and as though his own death-warrant hung upon her words. He became pale as he saw her agitation, and his countenance varied with every variation of her's; till, when he saw her total inability to speak, his lips became of livid whiteness, he uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless to the ground!

A bustle immediately took place; the duke was carried off; and Elvira remained pale, trembling, and almost fainting, leaning against one of the pillars that supported the canopy over the platform upon which she stood. An awful pause ensued, which was at last broken by Lord Edmund rushing forward, and eagerly addressing the crowd in the following words:

"My friends and countrymen,

"If one spark of kindness and compassion dwell in your breasts; if your hearts are open to noble feelings; if you can pity defenceless age and helpless womanhood, listen to me now! Hear me whilst I plead the cause of the timid female now before you; who, agitated by the

solemn occasion for which you are convened, and awed by the august majesty of this assembly, finds it impossible to give vent to her feelings in words; for difficult, indeed, is it to express by words the strong emotions of the heart. Oh! would to Heaven, my friends, that I could lay her heart open before you, that you might there read the love of her country—the devotion to your dearest interests—and the generous wish to sacrifice her domestic happiness to secure yours, that prompt her this day to appear before you. Do you fear tyranny? Is this trembling woman likely to impose it? Do you wish remission from oppression? Is not she who evidently possesses such extreme sensibility likely to relieve your cares? Can her breast, which now throbs with emotion, ever be deaf to the cry of misery? No, no; that gentle spirit which shrinks from exposure in the garish light of day, will devote itself to soothing your woes, and lightening your burdens. Do you wish for victory? Has not my arm been hitherto successful, and am I not devoted to Elvira?

"My countrymen, I plead not from interested motives, God knows I do not! Nay, there may be some among you who know I now plead for the destruction of my dearest hopes: but the welfare of my country is more to me than my own. I give my country the treasure that might have been mine: contented, if by the sacrifice of my own happiness, I can secure that of thousands.

"My countrymen, I cannot more strongly prove my devotion to your interests, for if you choose Elvira for your Queen, my widowed heart will have no bride but glory. Take, however, the treasure I resign to you. Prize her as she deserves, and Heaven in its mercy grant that prudent counsellors and sagacious statesmen may so direct her steps, that victory may shine on her banners, wisdom in her counsels, and happiness in her kingdom!"

Lord Edmund stopped, overpowered by his own emotions; and his agitation found an echo in the bosom of every auditor. The effect of his speech was instantaneous: cries of "Elvira shall be our Queen!" "Elvira for ever!"

rose in deafening tumult from the crowd, nor did there appear a single dissentient voice. In fact, after all that can be said upon the subject, feeling is the only true eloquence. The passions of the crowd were strongly excited: the fainting of the duke; the agitation of Elvira; and the speech of Lord Edmund, who was the hero of the day, absolutely had driven them distracted. They shouted again and again that Elvira, and Elvira alone, should be Queen, and, forming a triumphal car, placed her in it, and dragged her along to Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony of the coronation was appointed to take place. This venerable pile, which had stood for centuries, and resisted alike the war of nature, and the destroying hand of innovation, with which the barbarous taste of the middle ages had endeavoured to destroy its grandeur, shone forth in all its original splendour, and afforded another magnificent proof of the length of time the labours of man survive the term of his fragile existence.

It had been a brilliant sight, when Westminster Hall was crowded with the nobles of

the land, to choose the council of state; but far more splendid was it now, when, after the religious part of the ceremony of the coronation had been performed in the Abbey, the trembling and beautiful Queen entered its sumptuous walls, surrounded by her counsellors, and welcomed with transport by her kneeling subjects. All had been previously prepared for the ceremony, as the ordinance of the old Queen had directed the coronation to take place immediately after the election; and the venerable Hall was now crowded with the nobles and ladies of Claudia's court, splendidly attired, waiting for the Queen, whom the choice of the deputies might give them, with the most eager impatience. Elvira was received with transports; and though, perhaps, under different circumstances, her rival might have been honoured with equal rapture, yet, as Elvira knew it not, the thought did not damp her pleasure.

In the mean time Father Morris had remained aghast, a prey to the combined tortures of grief, rage, and disappointment. The

crowd had disappeared, yet still he stood gazing upon the platform, the speechless image of despair.

"For Heaven's sake, do not remain here," cried a voice he knew only too well; and, obeying the impulse of Marianne's arm, he suffered himself to be led from the scaffold, where all his hopes had perished. There was a small house, at no great distance from the spot, where the partizans of Rosabella had held frequent conferences respecting their plans for securing her election; and to this place Marianne led the disappointed friar.

"Curses on the fiend that has betrayed me to my ruin!" said he, as he threw himself upon a sofa in this abode: "may demons haunt him here, and eternal misery be his portion hereafter!"

The fiendish laugh of Cheops rang in the father's ears as he pronounced these words; and ere he finished, the hated form of the Mummy stood before him.

"What, Father Morris!" cried the Egyptian, "is this your treatment of your friends? Fie!

fie! is this your strength of mind? I am ashamed of you. Is it the part of a man of courage to shrink from such a slight reverse? However, I am still your friend, and if you will follow my advice—"

"Avaunt! demon!" cried Father Morris; "tempt me no more! Ruin hangs upon thy words, and it is thy advice that has destroyed me."

"Say rather, your own evil passions," returned the Mummy.

"Fiend!" exclaimed the monk; "was it not by thy advice Rosabella rejected the address I had prepared for her, and determined to deliver her own sentiments extempore."

"Such an expression of her genuine feelings was likely to produce ten times the effect of a studied address. The oration of Lord Edmund was from the feeling of the moment, and you saw its power was magical."

"And it was not by your desire that the fool Lord Noodle seconded her, instead of Lord Gustavus, as I had intended?"

"A ridiculous fool was more likely to put

the people in good-humour than a prosing one."

"Yes, yes, I know; it was thus you made your plans seem feasible, but how have they succeeded?"

"Success is not always the test of merit. How could I foresee the fainting of the duke, and the agitation of Elvira? That timid silence said far more for her than words: if she had spoken, she would have had no chance."

"Would she were dead!" said Father Morris, grinding his teeth.

"So would you seal your ruin. Rosabella would be suspected, and her chance of reigning destroyed—destroyed for ever."

"What shall I do?"

"Let Elvira reign!—Nay, start not! for it is but for a time: she will naturally make Edmund her first counsellor from gratitude for the service he has rendered her; and, as he has sense and talent, he will as naturally either reject employing the noble lords who were your friends entirely; or, at best, give them but subordinate situations. Their hopes having

been previously raised, they will feel this disappointment bitterly, and look back with longing eyes to Rosabella, by whom they were promised place and power. That princess must moderate her natural haughtiness: if she wish to reign, she must submit to bend before she rise; for, though ambition be the most lofty of all passions, perhaps no one makes its votaries occasionally condescend to greater meanness. At present patience alone is required. Novelty is always delightful; but the pleasure it produces can never be lasting: and the expectations of men having been raised too high by the brilliancy with which a new government is certain to commence, they will soon be disposed to quarrel with every thing that may chance to fall short of the standard they will then propose to themselves: though this same standard, if they give themselves time to consider, they would find far too exalted for mortals to have ever any hopes of reaching. Their extravagant expectations not being realized, they will then plunge into the opposite extreme; they will see every thing with

a jaundiced eye; and, not liking to own they find themselves deceived, they will overturn the government of Elvira to conceal for ever the folly they have been guilty of."

"But will not the government of Rosabella afterwards share the same fate?"

"No: for they will have learnt wisdom by experience; and having just suffered from the inconveniences inseparable from a revolution, they will idolize every word and action of Rosabella, to spare themselves the necessity of again undergoing the same horrors, and yet avoid the charge of inconsistency. They will thus fear even to censure, and will gloss over any thing that may not quite please them, rather than run the risk of again interrupting that tranquillity which the late disturbance has made them taste the sweets of."

The sophistry of Cheops was well suited to the feelings of his hearers; and well did he know how to work upon the passions of those he conversed with. The indignation of Father Morris and Marianne subsided, and they again became the Egyptian's devoted slaves. Cheops

watched them as they retired; a smile of derision curling his haughty lip.

"Fools that they are!" said he, as again a fearful expression flashed across his saturnine countenance: "by Typhon! they are scarcely worth deceiving, for they rush blindfold into the net."

In the mean time, nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene exhibiting in Westminster Hall. The ceremony was finished; for the Queen had taken oaths of fidelity to the interests of her new subjects, and had received their humblest homage in return. A sumptuous banquet was now served, where all that could please the eye mingled in luxuriant profusion with all that could tempt the appetite. Music completed the charm; and as the harmonious notes swelled through the lofty dome, it seemed a choir of angels rejoicing from on high. Thus, whilst all that could gratify the senses was combined, the fairy loveliness of Elvira seemed to fit her well to be the goddess of the scene; and the figure of the poor old duke, her father, gazing at her with indescri-

bable rapture—the tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks, and his long white hair hanging loose upon his shoulders, completed the interest of the picture.

Great and glorious was the triumph of Elvira: but, whilst the nation rang with acclamations of joy, and bonfires and illuminations proclaimed the transport of the people, who shall paint the despair, the desolation, of the unfortunate Rosabella? Forlorn and deserted by her friends; despised and injured by him she loved; disappointed in the fairy dreams of her ambition; and disgusted with a world that had rejected her—what could she do? where find a refuge from her woes?

Rosabella sought no refuge: wretched as she was, her proud spirit still supported her: she neither retired from society, nor gave herself up to the paroxysms of despair. Hers was not a mind to brood over useless grief. She felt her wrongs, it is true, and most keenly did she feel them, but she wasted not her time in lamentation, and burnt only to avenge them. Marianne had communicated to her the advice of Cheops,

and her whole soul was now devoted to revenge. For this, she determined to obey his injunctions; to bend her haughty spirit to his wishes; to conciliate the friends that had deserted her; and to submit to any meanness to keep up a party in the state. This done, she resolved to watch for the errors unavoidable in a new government; to take advantage of every weakness, and foment every discontent; in short, to open a chasm under her rival's feet, and then, like the lion pismire on the brink of his sandy trap, to rest concealed until the entanglement of the expected prey enabled her to rush upon and destroy it.

Elvira's disposition was naturally noble; and, satisfied with the possession of the throne, she sought no farther triumph. Her generous soul was touched by the apparent resignation of her rival, and she endeavoured, by every means in her power, to console her for her disappointment. The duke had quitted the country, and now resided entirely with his daughter; whilst upon Rosabella, Elvira, with the utmost delicacy, conferred a palace and a separate establishment.

Notwithstanding, however, the delicacy with which Elvira's favours were conferred, Rosabella could not forget that they were favours, and hers was not a mind to brook dependance. Her hatred for her cousin thus increased with the weight of her obligations, whilst that of Elvira had vanished with the occasion that gave it birth. It is, indeed, scarcely possible for a proud, haughty temper, like that of Rosabella, to love the person to whom it owes every thing. Such dispositions find infinitely more pleasure in obliging, than in being obliged—pride being gratified in one case and humbled in the other. People are thus often devotedly attached to their protegées, as they seem, in some measure, creations of their own, and lavish favours upon them with a profuse hand; but they often expect such devotion in return, that love withers into slavery, or changes into hatred, and what was once gratitude, soon becomes mortification.

Elvira had an arduous part to sustain. It was difficult to find the medium between giving too much or too little; and more difficult still,

to discover a means of giving at all, without hurting the feelings of Rosabella. The sense she had of this, rendered the manner of Elvira towards her cousin, occasionally, cold and restrained, and Rosabella felt acutely the slightest change. She, indeed, saw every thing with a jaundiced eye: she imagined insults, where none were intended; she shrank from the slightest observation, that could be supposed to allude to her present situation; and she appeared to feel so much pain whenever she was in the society of Elvira, that the intercourse between the cousins gradually dwindled to a mere formal interchange of visits, and the customary ceremonials of court etiquette.

The cousins thus completely estranged from each other, Rosabella's palace became the resort of the discontented. The King of Ireland had died soon after the departure of the Duke of Cornwall for the country, and those malcontents, formerly in his pay, being repulsed by his son, now crowded round Rosabella. Men of talents, but of dissolute habits; daring spirits that preyed upon themselves for want of em-

ployment; and desperate characters, to whom every change was agreeable, as they had nothing to lose, and every thing to hope for by a revolution, vied with each other in devoting themselves to her service. It was often grating to Rosabella's feelings to associate with wretches such as these; but to what cannot proud spirits sometimes submit, to gain the determined purpose of their souls! Every thing is swallowed up in one vast overwhelming passion, and minor difficulties are neither seen, thought of, nor felt.

Thus, Rosabella scrupled not to waste her time in the society of such beings as Lord Noodle and his friend Lord Doodle; she even stooped to flatter them, and occasionally to ask, and appear to follow their advice: she endured patiently the dictatorial prosing of Lord Gustavus, and listened with an appearance of interest to the wearisome pettinesses of Lord Maysworth. All she thought of, was whether any particular line of conduct were likely to conduce to placing her on the throne; and if it were, be it what it might, the haughty Rosa-

bella instantly condescended to practise it. Taught by the late events not to rely too confidently upon her own strength, she rushed into the opposite extreme, and descended even unto servility.

In the mean time, the attention of Elvira was completely devoted to the establishment of her government. She had many qualities worthy of her rank; and some of the most conspicuous were her nobleness in forgetting injuries, and her inflexible sense of justice: thus, though she had made no promises herself to her people on the day of her election, she justly considered those made by Edmund on her part as equally binding, and endeavoured by every means in her power to redeem the pledges he had given. Cheops had judged rightly in supposing she would make Edmund her prime minister—her gratitude to him, indeed, was unbounded; and though her noble and generous disposition prevented her depriving the lords who had voted against her of their dignities, yet that the strong mind, and commanding genius of Edmund would make them dwindle into nonenti-

ties, he had also been equally correct in predicting. The noble lords, quite unconscious of their own inefficiency, were indignant at finding themselves subalterns where they had hoped to be commanders, and rallied round the standard of Rosabella, who, on her part, received them so graciously, that her former haughtiness was forgotten.

Elvira was not aware of their defection, or if she were, she thought them too insignificant to merit notice, her attention being entirely occupied in affairs which she considered of infinitely more importance. Though the laws of the old Queen had been excellent, many abuses had crept into the manner of putting them into execution; and these Elvira now, with the aid of Edmund, set herself diligently to work to discover and correct. She could not, indeed, have chosen an assistant more competent to the task. The penetrating mind and commanding genius of Edmund were unequalled. With a single glance, he saw where errors had been committed, and how they ought to be amended. Whilst under his auspices, vice was punished

and virtue rewarded, goodness, though in rags, was raised to affluence, and villainy compelled to disgorge its ill-gotten wealth. Justice was impartially dispensed to all, and the first Monday in every month, the Queen proceeded in solemn state to the grand square at Blackheath, to receive there, in person, the petitions of her subjects.

The crowd assembled upon these occasions was immense. However well a constitution may be organized, it is impossible to give satisfaction to every one; and even under the best-regulated governments there will be always some who fancy themselves aggrieved. Besides, as free access was allowed on these occasions to every one, numbers went merely to see the Queen; and nothing could be better contrived for letting her Majesty know the real feelings of her subjects, than this arrangement; as, from the people being placed in lines, along each of which the Queen walked, she became alternately in personal contact with every separate individual. Like every thing else, however, that sounds perfect in theory, difficulties arose when

this plan came to be put in practice: it was originally intended that the Queen should receive, with her own hands, and read herself, all the petitions that might be presented; but when it was found their numbers frequently amounted to some thousands, this scheme was abandoned as impracticable, and the Lords Noodle and Doodle were appointed to the important office of walking behind the Queen, carrying large bags, in which the petitions were deposited, and from which they would probably never again have emerged, if they had not been dragged to light by the persevering and indefatigable exertions of Lord Edmund.

The people, however, were not aware of this, and there was something in the show that delighted them. It was indeed a fine sight, to behold so many hundreds of human beings anxiously watching the movements of their beautiful Queen, as she glided along their ranks, smiling graciously upon all, and looking like an angel sent upon earth to dispense blessings to mankind: ladies of honour walking behind her, with pages bearing their train, and the

two aged counsellors of state, bending beneath the weight of their ponderous bags, bringing up the rear.

Thus gloriously commenced Elvira's reign. The people, delighted with the attention paid to their wishes, and struck by some instances of the Queen's love of justice and hatred of oppression, lauded her to the skies; the nobility, hoping riches and power from her liberality, almost worshipped her; and the ambassadors of foreign powers, dreading the valour of Lord Edmund and his soldiers, offered the humblest homage at her feet. In short, all seemed to smile upon her, and the kingdom to bid fair shortly to rival even the imagined happiness of Utopia itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the mean time, what had become of Edric and Dr. Entwerfen? Gloomy indeed were the reflections of our travellers when they found themselves immured in a dungeon, so far from all they loved or reverenced, without friends, and accused of a horrible crime, from the guilt of which they felt it would be vain for them to attempt to free themselves. Days and weeks rolled on, yet no change took place in their destiny. Every night the grating of a rusty key in the lock announced the arrival of the gaoler, bringing their daily pittance of bread and water, but he never spoke, nor could the most earnest entreaties of the doctor and Edric bring one word from his lips.

Despair at length began to invade the bosoms of the travellers; till one day, as they were examining, for the thousandth time, the hieroglyphics on the stones in the wall, Edric perceived that one of them was loose. With infinite difficulty they removed the stone, and found a long vaulted passage, dimly lighted by an opening at the farther extremity. The transport of the prisoners, on making this discovery, was unbounded, and can only be imagined by those who have felt the loss of liberty, and rejoiced at its recovery.

When their first raptures had a little abated, they began to consult upon the best means of availing themselves of their good fortune, and preventing pursuit. The doctor had luckily several chemical preparations in his walking-stick; with one of these he dissolved the iron of their chains, so as to free Edric and himself from their weight, and then, smearing them over with the remainder of the composition, he laid them in a heap, exclaiming with a laugh, "The jailors will be dreadfully frightened when they find these fetters; for though they look

perfect to the eye, they will crumble to pieces at the slightest touch."

Edric was too anxious to effect his escape, to listen to his tutor's exultation; and his arrangements being made, the travellers, with trembling steps and throbbing hearts, explored the vaulted passage, and found, to their infinite delight, that it had led them to the borders of the Nile. A small boat was anchored to the shore, and its crew, an old man and his son, who gained their living by conveying goods up the Nile, were peaceably taking their supper on the bank.

Edric and the doctor had taken the precaution to replace the stone that had concealed the vaulted passage, and having smeared the opposite wall with phosphorus, they had no doubt that when the jailor entered the prison, which he generally did in darkness, he would be too much alarmed to take any effectual means for pursuing them till it should be too late. Having luckily also plenty of money, that certain road to the human heart, they easily persuaded the old man to take them on board, and in a short time they embarked in his fragile vessel and set sail.

Slowly and silently they floated along the majestic river, which rolled in solemn waves like an inland sea, and swept proudly on to the ocean, seeming to scorn the degenerate land it left behind; and without one pang did our travellers quit for ever the fertile plains and gorgeous cities of Egypt. One only thought swelled in their bosoms, and that was joy at their escape. Offering up silent prayers of thanksgiving, our travellers continued their progress down the river, and, when morning dawned, and the enormous forms of the Pyramids were seen grimly frowning through the mist, they shuddered involuntarily, and, devoutly crossing themselves, muttered new prayers for protection and deliverance.

After a long and tedious voyage, our travellers at length reached the sea in safety. The mouths of the Delta were at that time the seat of extensive, and almost universal commerce; and our travellers trembled lest they should here encounter some emissary of their enemies, who might re-convey them to the prison from which they had so miraculously escaped. They found, however, the belief of their su-

pernatural disappearance too strongly impressed upon the minds of the multitude for even a suspicion of their existence to remain; and they stood upon that sumptuous quay, surrounded by Greeks, Russians, Egyptians, Arabs, and Turks, without exciting a single remark, or obtaining the slightest attention. They wished to proceed to Constantinople, then the capital of the powerful empire of Greece, and entered into conversation with the master of a felucca, for that purpose.

"I will attend to you directly, gentlemen," said the sailor, leaving some persons with whom he had been previously talking: "but I have been listening to such a horrid tale!"

"What was it?" asked Edric, suspecting the subject, but aware that to seem incurious upon such an occasion, might betray that they were already only too well informed.

"Two sorcerers," returned the man, "have been taken into custody, for blowing up the Pyramids and bewitching the mummies!"

"And how were they punished?" asked Edric.

"Oh, you haven't heard half they did yet!"

said the man. "When they were put in prison for their pranks, the Old One came to their help, and carried them off in a flame of fire, leaving a long train of light after them in the sky, like the tail of a blazing comet. Dick Jones, who was telling me, swears he saw them all going off together. The old one hanging by the Devil's horn, and the young one keeping fast hold of his tail!"

"Shocking!" said Edric; scarcely able, however, to repress a smile at this proof of the vividness of Dick Jones's imagination.

"I haven't told you half," resumed the man. "All Sumatra rings with it; several have gone mad, and others died with fear; and the man who was with Dick Jones, and who was one of the soldiers of the guard set over them, assured me as a positive fact, that the chains they had had on, and left behind them, crumbled between his fingers like a bit of rotten wood."

"It is very awful!" said Edric.

"Ay, is it not?" rejoined the man; "thank God I was not there to see! I am sure the very look of one of those conjurors would have

driven me mad! I never could abide such things."

Edric now, with some difficulty, persuaded the man to return to the subject of their transit.

"I am very sorry, Sir," said he; "but I don't think there'll be a vessel going out to Constantinople for this week at least; for they've got the plague there, and our magistrates won't let a ship that has been there, return to our harbour again without performing quarantine; and that is such a hindrance to trade that our folks don't like it. But perhaps you're in no hurry, and can wait?"

"Oh yes, we can wait quite well!" said the doctor, trembling with anxiety to be off.

The sailor, however, had no occasion to say more; for the bare mention of the plague was quite sufficient to deter our travellers from visiting Constantinople; and finding he was bound for Malta, and that no other vessel would quit the harbour that day, they hastily embarked, notwithstanding his vessel was old and inconvenient, and not forwarded by steam, and though the superior certainty of the steam-packets was

now so generally felt and acknowledged by all, that perhaps this was the only common sailing-boat in the harbour. The joy of our travellers at their deliverance was, however, too great to permit them to dwell upon trifles; and as the cabin was scarcely habitable, they resolved to remain on deck the whole of the voyage, being determined to submit to any thing sooner than delay their departure. Accordingly they stretched themselves upon their cloaks, and, reclining against some ropes, watched attentively the lovely scene around them. The evening was beautiful, and, as the shores of Egypt swiftly receded from their view, they felt their minds soothed by the contemplation of the grand scene that presented itself. There is, indeed, something in the awful majesty of the world of waters, which, like the gigantic monuments of Egypt, powerfully affects the mind by its very simplicity, and, by raising the soul far above the common trifling occurrences of life, soothes it to tranquillity.

The voyage was long, for contrary winds impeded their progress; and one evening, after Dr. Entwerfen had remained for some time

gazing steadfastly on the water, with a look of deep abstraction, he exclaimed suddenly, "There will be a storm!"

"Impossible!" returned Edric. "The sun set in unwonted splendour, spreading its rays of purple and gold through the waters like a jewelled diadem; and the wind is even now dying away to a gentle breeze, which scarcely curls the surface of the ocean as our bark dances gaily over it."

"That is a bad sign," said the doctor. "Have you not often heard that a storm is generally preceded by a calm? You will find it no metaphor now."

The moon soon shone brightly; and as the ship ploughed her way slowly through the almost motionless waves, its beams sparkled through the spray, which fell in silvery showers over the prow. All now was still, except the heaving of the vessel, and the monotonous splashing of the waters as she slowly worked her way through them. The wind gradually sunk, and the sails only feebly flapped in the breeze that could no longer inflate them, till at last even that failed, and the vessel, completely becalmed, lay like a log upon the water, which

spread like a vast and tranquil mirror around her.

Bitterly now did our travellers regret the precipitate haste that had made them embark in such a frail, unmanageable boat; and they regarded with longing eyes the compact steam-packets that glided past them; their black smoke curling in the air as they were wafted swiftly along. It was too late, however, to repent; and the doctor consoled himself by taking advantage of the effect produced by the thick black smoke, as they saw it rising in the distance, to illustrate the lecture he had formerly given his pupil, on the theory of combustion and decomposition of amphlites, till he fairly lulled him to sleep.

Morning came, but brought not with it the wished-for breeze. Edric rose, and walking upon deck, encountered the doctor. "How still all seems!" said he; "Nature seems to sleep: but 'tis an awful stillness, such as falls upon a dying patient, prophetic of his end. Nature seems exhausted, and I could fancy is seeking a short repose to rally her energies for some decisive blow."

"You are fanciful, Edric," said the doctor;

"you alarm yourself unnecessarily. The violent shock your nerves have sustained, unfits you for exertion, and renders you disposed to see every thing in a gloomy light."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said a ragged English sailor, who happened to be on board; "in my opinion the gentleman is right, for every thing portends a storm. Cirro-strati streak the sky, and as they join with the fleecy cumuli below them in cumulus-strati, nothing can more clearly indicate wind and rain, and probably thunder. And see, too, how the dark, frowning nimbus spreads its black shade along the edge of the horizon, and how the birds fly cowering, almost touching the waters with their wings as they flit along. Now it begins, hark!"

Whilst the sailor had been speaking, the clouds had thickened gradually, and the sky had grown dark as night. A hollow murmuring was heard, which seemed to gather fury as it came, till it burst over the devoted vessel with terrific violence, and rent the sails to atoms, whistling round in fearful gusts, as though mocking the mischief it had done. The sea now heaved mountains high. The forked light-

ning played like writhing serpents along the deep black sky; now streaming like floating ribands in the air, and then darting downwards like fiery arrows. Thunder rolled heavily in the distance, approaching however nearer and nearer, every peal reverberating through the sky, as though echoed back by unseen rocks, till at last a tremendous crash announced the fall of the electric fluid. Our travellers were preparing to retire below, when, just as they reached the cabin stairs, the heavens seemed to open, and a ball of light-blue fire, of a most vivid brightness, shot downwards from the chasm, and struck the mast of the labouring ship. Immediately after, a loud crackling noise rattled over their heads, and then all again was still, save the howling winds, and the groans of some prostrate seamen, wounded by the scattered fragments of the splintered mast.

The rain now descended in torrents, and the feeble vessel, at one moment raised to a fearful height, then dashed down, and apparently engulphed by the heavy seas that washed over her, seemed every instant doomed to de-

struction, and to escape only by a miracle. The shouts of the seamen, and creaking of the strained timbers of the ship, mingled horribly with the howling of the wind, and roar of the billows. Every instant it was expected she must go to pieces; for she had sprung a leak, and the water rose so fast as to baffle every attempt made to check its progress. The seamen were now in despair: they broke open their trunks, and dressing themselves in their best clothes, they filled their pockets with all the valuables they could find: then, whilst some went to prayers, others broke open the captain's spirit-chest, and many rolled overboard in a state of intoxication, whilst the ship, now become a perfect wreck, drifted before the wind, and was rapidly sinking. The storm, however, seeming to abate, the master ordered out the boat, and all the seamen who retained their senses, eagerly sprang on board. Our travellers attempted to follow, but the seamen pushed them back, and exclaiming the boat was full, rowed off, leaving them to their fate.

The English sailor had been in the act of

stepping on board the boat, the very moment she pushed off, and the sudden shock precipitated him into the sea. A piercing scream burst from his lips, as his body, with a dying effort, sprang from the waves, which seemed to rise after him and suck him back into their gulph. Our friends heard the cry, and rushed to the side of the vessel, but alas! they were powerless to save him: the ship drifted rapidly by, they saw his hands gleam for a moment through the waves, as he raised them in agony, and then the roaring billows rolled on, deep, black, and gloomy as before.

The horror of Edric and the doctor was excessive; but the impending terrors of their own fate prevented the possibility of their minds dwelling long upon his. The storm, however, visibly abated, and the dismantled hulk they were upon, lightened by the desertion of the sailors, still swam: light, fleecy clouds now scudded rapidly along the skies, and the moon, struggling to break forth from behind them, shed a faint and watery gleam upon the scene.

Our travellers now, by the feeble light afforded by the moonbeams, perceived the

boat labouring heavily through the dark-grey sea, and struggling to reach a long black line of rocks, distinctly marked in the distance, against which the still boiling waters broke with tremendous roar, curling in whitened foam as they laved their craggy sides; whilst the wreck our travellers were upon, seemed rapidly drifting upon the same point. Death now appeared inevitable, as it was impossible their shattered bark could resist the shock, if it should be tossed against these jagged crags; and every moment she seemed rising upon a wave that must dash her upon them, and floating back to escape only by a miracle. The doctor and Edric became giddy with these repeated shocks, and in despair fancied themselves resigned; or rather, stunned by the misfortunes which had followed each other with such overwhelming rapidity upon their devoted heads, they awaited their fate with an apathy which they mistook for resignation.

The seamen in the boat still continued labouring on, straining every nerve to reach the shore, though ineffectually; for the foaming surge beat them back with repeated, with re-

sistless violence. With anxious eyes and beating hearts, our friends marked the progress of the boat; till, giddy with watching, and feeling their spirits exhausted as they surveyed the fruitless struggle of the toiling boatmen, they hid their faces with their hands, and shut it from their sight.

At this instant a wild and piercing cry rang in their ears:—'twas from the boat. She had swamped; the human beings she contained were all swallowed up in the boiling waves, and that shriek of agony was their funeral knell. A horrid silence followed this appalling scream, unbroken save by the lashing of the billows against the rocks, and the low, half-suppressed moaning of the winds,—till the senses of the travellers became bewildered, and they shrieked in agony. Their peril indeed grew every moment more intense, for every wave carried them nearer and nearer to those frowning crags, whilst their dark sides, rearing themselves in awful majesty, seemed mustering their strength to repel the insolent intruders that sought to invade their territory. The doctor and Edric, in the mean time, suffering a thou-

sand deaths in the protracted horrors they were compelled to endure, and which they could neither mitigate nor evade, shrank back with the shivering of affrighted nature trembling at dissolution, every time the wave on which their vessel floated seemed to dash against the shore.

At length, however, the fate they had so long dreaded arrived. Their shattered hulk was raised on a tremendous billow, and thrown with fearful violence upon the rocks, with a force that shivered it to atoms, and engulphed the doctor and Edric in the boiling surge. The next wave, however, returning, swept them along in its bosom, and threw them, perfectly insensible, though locked in each other's arms, upon the shore.

CHAPTER IX.

It was morning, and the glowing sunbeams danced gaily on the sparkling waters of the dark blue deep, as, gently rippling, it laved the rocky shore on which Edric and his tutor had been thrown; and seemed to smile, as if in mockery of the mischiefs it had wrought. There, sheltered by a rock, whose jutting crag had saved them from being carried back into the devouring ocean, lay our travellers, apparently buried in sleep; returning consciousness not having yet dispelled the torpor produced by the fearful terrors of the night. The sun now shone brightly, and its glowing heat revived Edric from his trance. Slowly and heavily he unclosed his languid eyes, and, forgetting where he was, at-

tempted to rise. He succeeded; but weak and dizzy, he only staggered a few paces ere he again fell: the roaring of the ocean still sounded in his ears, his senses swam, and, giddy and enfeebled by his previous exhaustion, he fancied himself still tossed upon the foaming billows. For some time, he lay in a state of torture, the thrill of returning circulation tingling through his veins, till the recollection of what had passed flashing across his mind, he again endeavoured to rouse himself, and seek his tutor. The unfortunate doctor, however, appeared to be no more, and as Edric gazed upon his inanimate form, he might have exclaimed with Prince Henry, "I could have better spared a better man."

At this moment, Edric recollected the strong chemical preparations the doctor generally carried about him, and, searching his pockets, found a potent elixir. With some difficulty, he forced a few drops down his throat, taking a dose also himself. The effects of the medicine were soon visible: the doctor heaved a deep sigh, and, opening his eyes, gazed vacantly around, whilst Edric himself felt perfectly restored.

"Where am I?" cried Doctor Entwerfen, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to speak, and then, as some of the horrors he had so lately witnessed recurred to his mind, he exclaimed:—"I will never disclose it—no torture shall compel me; where is the justice? He fled away in a flame of fire hanging to the Devil's horn. Ah, Edric! where are we? Ah! I have had such a horrid dream."

"Alas!" returned Edric, "it is but too real!"

"What! what!" cried the doctor, getting up and staring wildly around him; "I remember now, we were drowned—but where—where are we?"

"I know not," replied his pupil mournfully. "You forget I have been exposed to the same perils as yourself, and that I am equally ignorant where fate has thrown us. I should think, however, from the position we were in when the storm began, that we are somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean; but whether in Europe or Africa, I have as yet had no means of ascertaining."

"We must explore," said the doctor so-

lemnly; "we ought not to remain in doubt another instant upon so important a subject. Follow me!"

They now quitted the rocky beach on which they had so long lain, and advanced towards some cliffs which shut them out from the view of the surrounding country. When they had surmounted this natural barrier, they found the prospect that presented itself superb; and their eyes wandered with delight over orange groves and forests of cork-trees; whilst the green shining leaves, and rich scarlet blossoms of the pomegranates, and light tender waving foliage of the olive, afforded variety to the scene. The burning heat of the sun's rays felt softened by the breezes from the sea; a balmy fragrance seemed to pervade the air; birds flew twittering around them, or, perched upon the branches of the trees, made the groves resound with melodious harmony; whilst butterflies of the most brilliant colours fluttered from flower to flower, and innumerable buzzing insects seemed to fill the air with motion.

"What a lovely country!" said the doctor, as he and Edric penetrated into the deep recesses

of a shady grove; "and how delightful is this sensation of refreshing coolness, after having been exposed to the burning rays of the sun! It is yet early, for the sun has not yet reached far above the horizon, and the dew-drops still glisten in his rays like diamonds hanging from every leaf. Where can we be? Surely we are not dead, and now in Paradise!"

Edric smiled: "I rather think," said he, "that we are in Andalusia. I have often read of the exquisite beauty of some of the southern provinces of Spain, and this seems well to accord with the ideas I have always entertained of that country."

They now approached what appeared to be a cemetery, and which was tastefully adorned with weeping willows hanging over the graves; whilst roses, and a thousand beautiful flowering shrubs, flourishing in wild luxuriance from the genial nature of the climate, spread around, and gave this receptacle of the mouldering remains of mortality the aspect of a blooming garden.

"How different from the Pyramids!" exclaimed the doctor and Edric at the same moment.

"The tomb-stones seem to have inscriptions upon them," continued the former, after a short pause; "let us approach and examine them: they will at least declare the country we are in, by the language in which they may be written."

The idea struck Edric as feasible, and they entered the cemetery. "You are right, Edric," said the doctor; "we are in Spain, for here lie the mortal remains of Don Alfonso, that mighty hero of the Bourbon race, who, you doubtless remember, was the first that conquered the northern part of Africa, and by transferring the seat of the Spanish empire to Fez, contributed so powerfully to the civilization and conversion to Christianity of all that vast territory."

"And who destroyed Spain as a monarchy, by so doing," added Edric.

"It is true," replied the doctor, "that Spain, finding itself too mighty for a province, shook off in consequence the yoke of his descendants, and erected its present republic, which it most probably would never have done if the seat of government had remained at Madrid. But

that is trifling compared with the inestimable benefits produced to the world at large, by the civilization and reduction to a Christian state, of such a mighty empire as that of Morocco. Had it not been for that, we might still have remained in the degrading ignorance in which mankind were immersed for so many centuries respecting the interior of Africa:—Timbuctoo would never have risen to its present eminence in science and commerce; the real course of the Niger would never have been discovered: and the sources of the Nile still remained wrapped in oblivion. Yes, mighty shade! thou wert indeed a hero! Calumny may assail thy fame, and unenlightened minds cavil at the wonders of thy glory; but one firm and attached votary still remains to thee, and thus he humbly bends to do thee homage."

So saying, the doctor prostrated himself upon the tomb, and reverentially kissed the cold marble inscribed with the hero's name.—"Hold! hold!" cried a man, rushing from behind a small temple, and seizing him, whilst in an instant Edric and his tutor found themselves surrounded by soldiers, whose grim visages

spoke them inured to blood and warfare.—"Wretch!" exclaimed the leader, apostrophizing the terrified doctor; "but thy life shall soon pay the forfeit of thy crimes. Away with him!" continued he, addressing his soldiers; "bear him before the next alcaide, and let him there suffer the punishment the law enacts against all those who dare to praise the actions or worship the memory of the tyrannic Alfonso—Away with him, I say."

"Mercy! mercy!" implored the doctor.

"Impossible!" said the leader sternly; "do you not know that this is a land of liberty, and that we abhor the very name of tyranny and oppression? How then can the admirer of a tyrant hope for mercy at our hands? Away with him, I say, and with his companion too; for as they appear to be associates, no doubt their principles are the same."

"And do you call this a land of liberty?" asked Edric reproachfully.

"Hear him! he blasphemes!" cried the soldiers; "gag him if he dare again to breathe such impiety!" and amidst their shouts and execrations, Edric and his tutor were dragged

away. Taught by this lesson that the liberty of the republican Spaniards did not extend to the tolerance of any opinions except their own, Edric and the doctor did not again venture to speak; and they soon, to their infinite dismay, found themselves in the presence of the alcaide; who, however, luckily for our travellers, happened to be a man of some sense and liberality. He smiled when he heard the substance of the facts gravely stated against the prisoners. "This case requires a private hearing," said he: "Velasquez, conduct the prisoners to my own apartment."

"We will have no private hearing," clamoured the people and the soldiers. "The crime was public, and the punishment should be so too; we will not be gulled."

"But, gentlemen," said the magistrate, "supposing these prisoners to be part of a gang of conspirators who have been plotting against the state, it might defeat the ends of justice to have them examined publicly; as it is possible—mind, gentlemen, I only say, as it is possible—some traitors may lurk even among the crowd before me, who might give intelligence to other

parties interested, who might be thus enabled to make their escape."

"Ay, now you speak reason," said the mob; "we are always willing to listen to reason;" and without farther remonstrance they permitted the alcaide and the prisoners to retire.

"You see, gentlemen," said the alcaide, shutting the door of the room carefully, and placing chairs, in which he invited his prisoners to sit down, "that all is not liberty which is called so, and that a mob can occasionally be as tyrannical as an emperor. I know that in reality there is not a shadow of complaint against you; yet I dare not release you, as my own life would be the forfeit if I did. You must thus submit to a temporary restraint, which you may rest assured I shall not only endeavour to shorten, but shall render as light as possible whilst I am compelled to inflict it."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "we are exceedingly obliged by your kindness. If we had not met with you, I do not know what would have become of us. I could not have

believed people were in existence so illiberal as these Spaniards, or that any human beings could be so weak as to fancy themselves in a land of liberty whilst they are practising the most refined tyranny."

"And yet my countrymen are neither fools nor hypocrites," returned the alcaide; "but, like many other people, they deceive themselves, and talk about freedom till they fancy they possess it. Their great fault, however, has been, that they did not know where to stop; and as even virtue becomes vice when carried to the extreme, so have the most sublime principles of liberty and patriotism become degraded in their hands, by being attempted to be carried to an exaggerated degree of perfection!"

"Oh, England! England!" sighed the doctor; "would to Heaven I had never left thy happy shores! Alas! alas! what a crowd of horrible events have occupied the last few months!"

"Why did you leave your country, since you so bitterly regret it?" demanded the alcaide.

"Because we could not be contented," replied Edric. "Devoted from my earliest youth to the pursuits of science, I craved ardently

for knowledge denied to mortals; I aspired to penetrate into the profoundest secrets of Nature, and burnt to accomplish wishes destined never to be realized. The desire of seeing foreign countries also filled my soul: I longed to travel, to acquire new ideas and meet with strange and wonderful adventures; I sickened of the quiet and tranquillity of home. 'Give me change,' cried I in my madness, 'give me variety, and I ask no more; for even wretchedness itself were better to bear than this tiresome unvarying uniformity.' The unreasonableness of my wishes deserved punishment, and I have been curst with the very fulfilment of my wishes."

"Is this gentleman also a votary of science?" asked the alcaide, who had appeared musing whilst Edric spoke.

"What a question!" exclaimed the doctor, in a transport of indignation. "What! has my whole life been devoted to scientific pursuits! have I deprived myself of rest and almost of food! and wasted the midnight lamp in bringing to perfection some of the most sublime discoveries ever vouchsafed to man, to be in-

sulted with such a doubt as that? Know, sir, that you see before you Doctor Entwerfen, the fortunate inventor of the immortalizing snuff, one single pinch of which cures all diseases by the smell; the discoverer of the capability of caoutchouc being applied to aërial purposes; and the maker of the most compendious and powerful galvanic battery ever yet beheld by mortal!"

"Then you are the very man I want," said the alcaide; "go to prison contentedly, and rest satisfied that your confinement will be of very short duration. In a day or two I will see you, and explain the project I have conceived for your deliverance."

So saying, he summoned his guards, and, ordering them to convey the travellers to prison, the doctor and Edric were dragged away, and, being immured in separate dungeons, were left there to ruminate upon the varied and busy scenes in which they had been so lately engaged. Sadly and heavily passed the time; yet days and weeks rolled on ere they again saw the alcaide. At length, when they had begun almost to despair, they were reconducted to his presence.

"Do you understand the management of an electrical machine?" asked he abruptly.

"Certainly!" cried the doctor, transported with joy at the question, before Edric, who was half blinded by the sudden change from his gloomy prison to the broad light of day, had sufficiently recovered himself to reply.

"Then it is in your own power to set yourselves free," continued the alcaide. "The principal general of the army stationed here is ill; a powerful party exists against him who wish his death, at the head of whom stands the leader who was the cause of your being taken into custody. The general himself is a mere nonentity; but the opposite party, to which I belong, wish to save his life, as his name affords a sanction under which they can act. He is now ill of a palsy, and has been recommended to try the effects of an electrical shock. A machine has been with difficulty procured in this remote district; but the philosopher of the army being lately dead, and another not having been yet appointed, no one here knows how to apply it. Now, if you—"

"Say no more!" cried the doctor, interrupt-

ing him, in a transport of delight; "say no more—I see, I comprehend the whole! I shall restore him, and receive my liberty as the reward. Nay more, I shall obtain immortality amongst the Spaniards by the deed; their poets will sing my fame, and their historians will pause upon the fact!"

"You will undertake it then?" said the alcaide, and, reading an indignant affirmative in the doctor's looks, he led the way to a camp, at a short distance from the village, where the paralytic general was sitting in a kind of throne, placed without his tent, and surrounded by the principal officers of his staff; the electrical machine, a large, clumsy, heavy-looking thing, standing before him. The doctor looked with dismay at this unwieldy apparatus, so different from his own neat, powerful compendium of science, as he was wont to call it; and saw with infinite horror that even its construction was totally different from those he had been accustomed to. His natural vanity and presumption, however, revolted from making this mortifying acknowledgment, particularly after the boasts he had been indulging in to the alcaide;

and, relying upon his general knowledge of the principles of science, he walked boldly up to the machine, with as much composure and self-confidence as though he had been accustomed to the management of it all his life.

A considerable trepidation, however, crept over him as he examined it and found its movements intricate and complicated in the extreme; and his hands trembled, and a thick film came over his eyes, as he attempted to charge and adjust the cylinder. No time, however, was allowed for deliberation; he was ordered to apply it instantly; and, terrified by the recollection of the prompt manner in which the Spaniards were accustomed to make themselves obeyed, and the already long and severe imprisonment he had undergone, he set it in motion: an unlucky wire, however, which he did not quite understand, pointed upwards, and he tried in vain to arrange it; he tried again, but was instantly felled to the ground by a tremendous shock, whilst a loud crash of thunder burst with violence over his head, and a vivid flash of lightning proclaimed that the ill-managed machine had drawn down the electric

fluid from a heavy cloud, that happened unfortunately to be just above them, upon the head of the unfortunate general, whom it scorched to a cinder, levelling some of his officers to the earth, and scattering the rest in all directions. For the moment, the doctor himself was blinded by the sudden light, and, when he recovered his sight, the first thing that met his eyes was his friend the alcaide sticking fast by the skirts of his coat in a hedge.

Terrified at the mischief he had done, the first impulse of the learned doctor was to run away; but, notwithstanding the general confusion and dismay, the first intimation he showed of his design, drew around him a crowd of soldiers, like peasants round a mad dog, who seemed to think him as little entitled to mercy as though he had really been one of those unfortunate animals. "Cut him down!" cried one—"blow his brains out!" shouted another—"chop his head off!" screamed a third; and summary punishment would instantly have been inflicted, if the alcaide, who in the mean time had contrived to extricate himself from his uncomfortable situation, had not interfered. "Vil-

lain!" cried he, as soon as he had recovered his breath—for being rather fat, he found flying exercise rather too violent to suit his taste; "is this the manner in which you treat me? Was it for this I brought you to the camp, and would have made your fortune? Wretch that you are! hanging is too good for you, and impaling alive mercy to what you deserve.—Away to prison with him! he merits not a death so easy as you would give him; carry him back to his dungeon, and let him there await what punishment the council of state may judge fit for killing a general and frightening an alcaide out of his senses."

"Mercy! mercy!" screamed the doctor; but his cries were disregarded, and he and Edric were dragged back to prison, deprived of every hope of obtaining forgiveness. Sadly and silently passed the hours in this gloomy abode; for, though the doctor and his pupil were now permitted to be together, little communication took place between them, as, though Edric was too good-natured to upbraid his unfortunate companion, yet it was past the power of human nature not to feel enraged at the folly that had drawn them into so disagreeable a situation.

The poor doctor, however, needed not to be upbraided; for the reproaches of his own conscience were more bitter than any Edric could have lavished on him. "I am lost!" cried he; "ruined, and utterly undone! Not only my body will perish miserably, but my fame, my immortal fame is destroyed—oh! I shall go distracted!"

In this manner he lamented; wringing his hands and tearing his hair, whilst Edric felt too angry to attempt to console him.

"Speak to me, Edric, dear," cried the poor doctor at last, quite in despair at his silence; "for Heaven's sake, speak to me! Do let me hear the sound of some voice, besides my own and that of those cursed Spaniards. Oh, Edric! Edric! solitary confinement is quite enough to drive a man distracted; but to have a companion in such a place as this, and he to refuse to speak—Oh, Edric! Edric! your heart must be turned to stone, if you can resolve to use me so cruelly."

Edric was moved by the doctor's sorrow.

"What do you wish me to say?" asked he, smiling.

"Oh, now that's like yourself," cried the poor

doctor, bursting into tears, and throwing his arms round Edric's neck, whilst he sobbed upon his shoulder like a child. "Now I shall die happy! I don't care what they do to me; I am quite ready for any thing that may happen."

Edric was affected by the doctor's manner, and returning his embrace warmly, he could not restrain his own tears.

"Oh! my dear, dear Edric!" cried the doctor; "how I love you! would to Heaven I could save you! I would not care for myself."

"And I would not accept of liberty without you, my dear tutor, I assure you!" returned Edric. "No, no! the perils we have undergone together have added new force to the ties that formerly united us; and our fate now, be it good or ill, shall be the same. It is possible, however, that there may be some means of escape."

"Alas! no!" said the doctor mournfully; seeing Edric look round at the walls and windows: "this is the same dungeon I have been so long confined in, and not even a mouse

could get out of it without the keeper's permission."

"What is to be done, then?" cried Edric.

"Ay," returned the doctor; "what, indeed! However, it is certainly a great comfort to have a companion in one's misery; and though my prospects are certainly not much improved since you joined me, my cares are lessened at least one-half."

"Oh! my poor father!" exclaimed Edric. "The hardest part of my fate seems to die without obtaining his forgiveness! Alas! if he could see me now, he would surely repent his ill-timed severity. Fain would I also know what has passed in England since we left it: if Edmund be married, and if Claudia still reigns. It was spring when we left England, it is now winter: alas! alas! how many changes this brief space of time may have produced. If, however, my father's life has been spared, I care not for the rest."

"How little did we anticipate," said the doctor, "when we first proposed to travel, the misfortunes that were to attend us! Alas! they seem a just punishment for our crime, in

presuming to wish to pry into secrets never intended to be revealed to man."

"Can you believe it," returned Edric, "but in spite of all the misfortunes I have suffered, a restless curiosity to know the fate of the Mummy we so strangely resuscitated, is one of the strongest feelings in my bosom."

"I can readily credit it," said the doctor; "for the same feeling operates upon me! It is, however, vain to indulge in useless regrets: we must die; and all we have to do, is to endeavour to become resigned to our fate."

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after this, the prisoners were honoured by another visit from the alcaide.

"Thank God!" cried Edric involuntarily, as soon as he saw him; for, as he felt confident that the anger he had expressed against them, had been assumed, he hoped he was now come to save them.

"Alas!" returned the worthy magistrate, "I fear you have little reason to be thankful. All my endeavours to save you have only succeeded in obtaining a few hours respite, and to-morrow morning you are condemned to be burnt alive."

"Oh!" shrieked the doctor; whilst even Edric's courage could not prevent his turning deathly pale. "It is dreadful," said he, "to

die thus so young in a foreign country, and by such fearful means."

"Oh! don't talk of it," sobbed the doctor. "My poor dear, dear Edric! Save him, sir! in mercy, save him! Though I may be doomed to pay the penalty of my folly, it is very hard he should suffer."

"It is, indeed," returned the alcaide; "and my wish to save him, joined to the hatred I bear the present general, has made me a traitor to my country. I see you look astonished, but to explain what I mean, it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the present state of this country, which I will endeavour to do in as few words as possible. You know, no doubt, that Spain was once a powerful empire, till the ill-judged policy of one of her monarchs, in removing the seat of government to Africa, occasioned her fall: for the tree of majesty becoming too widely extended, it was but natural that some of its branches should strike root for themselves, and detach themselves entirely from the parent stem.

"This was the case with Spain; and her first directors as a republic happening to be intelli-

gent men, the infant state grew and flourished, exciting the admiration of its neighbours, and the envy of its mother country. Unfortunately, however, the wheel of fortune is always turning, and Spaniards, as I before said, not knowing where to stop, have gone on, getting worse and worse by degrees, till they have become the bigoted and intolerant wretches you have found them. In fact, the army now rules the state, and the people, finding the tyranny of the soldiers insupportable, have been for some time attempting to throw off the yoke. They were long unsuccessful, as they found the discipline of the soldiers far outweighed all their bravery and self-devotion. In their distress, however, they called in the aid of Roderick the Second, the young and warlike King of Ireland. This powerful monarch, who realizes in himself all the romantic qualities of the ancient knights of chivalry, hastened instantly to their assistance, and they are now combating under his auspices with every prospect of success. His progress has been magical; success has followed wherever he has gone, and his army now lies at a little distance, though he landed in the north of

Spain. It is to him, therefore, that I have sent secretly, giving him (in the hope of saving you) instructions, by which, if he follows them, he cannot fail of surprising the camp."

The doctor and Edric, though they were fully aware that they were principally indebted to the hatred the alcaide bore the present general for the steps he had taken in their behalf, yet felt and expressed themselves properly grateful; and the alcaide quitted the prison, leaving the flatterer Hope behind to console them for his absence, mingled, however, with the natural anxiety, which they could not help feeling, lest the well-arranged plan laid for their escape should fail. Morning had just dawned, after a tedious and miserable night, and the doctor and Edric were yet shivering from the damp cold which often precedes the break of day, and which now seemed to have struck a chill to their inmost souls, when the door of the prison opened, and a file of soldiers appeared, ready to conduct them to the place of execution. The doctor's heart beat thick, so as almost to impede respiration, and a heavy film spread before his eyes; whilst the agitation of Edric, who had, however,

now quite forgiven him, was scarcely inferior to his own. Fervently they embraced, and then submitting to be pinioned, they were forced to march to the spot appointed for their sacrifice, where an immense crowd awaited their approach.

The doctor's heart sunk within him as he looked down from the kind of terrace upon which the ceremony was to take place, upon the mass of human heads jammed together below, every face regarding him with a gaze of anxious expectation; and as he turned from these eager looks with a thrill of horror, his feelings were yet more forcibly harrowed up by the sight behind him. This was composed of two iron stakes fixed firmly in the ground, and provided with ponderous chains so as to prevent the remotest possibility of escape, whilst the enormous heaps of green wood piled round each, gave a frightful idea of the intensity of the lingering torments the unfortunate prisoners were condemned to suffer. The mind of Edric, in the mean time, was not much more composed than that of his friend. He also had looked round, and whilst nature shuddered at the thought of the horrid death

awaiting them, the immensity and compactness of the crowd seemed to destroy all probability of a rescue, and the hope which had till then supported him, fled from his breast; whilst, as his eyes again met those of the poor doctor, mournful, indeed, was the glance that they exchanged.

It is an awful thing to die! and though there are occasions when death may be braved, or at least met with unabated courage; yet when it comes on thus slowly and deliberately, seen from afar off, and yet impossible to be avoided, the firmest mind will find it difficult to bear its approach unmoved. That of Edric, however, notwithstanding it had been weakened by his long confinement, and by the delusive flattery of hope, did not shrink from the trial: and calmly he even saw the crowd divide, to make way for the executioner, who slowly advanced, preceded by a band of martial music, playing a mournful air, the drums being covered with black crape, and followed by a long train of soldiers, in mourning cloaks, with their arms reversed. Nothing could be more appalling than this lugubrious proces-

sion: the executioner, musicians, and soldiers, being all shrouded in their gloomy cloaks, (the very hoods of which were drawn over their heads,) had the air of demons coming to bear away the miserable victims to everlasting perdition; and the mind of the unhappy doctor not being able to endure such accumulated horrors, he sunk upon his knees, uttering shrieks of anguish, whilst the cold sweat ran in large drops from his forehead, and every nerve quivered with agony.

The procession had now nearly reached the prisoners, and even Edric's firmness gave way, as he saw the executioner spring upon the terrace, and advance towards him. A convulsive throb of anguish seemed to rend his heart, and his lips and cheeks turned of a livid paleness. But how was he surprised, and what a sudden revulsion of feeling did he not experience, when the supposed executioner, after having unbound his arms, put a sword into his hands, and whispering,—"Now is the time, defend yourself!—our soldiers are in green," left him completely free.

Completely overcome, Edric stood for a

moment lost in amazement, unable to credit the evidence of his senses, and gazing after his deliverer, who, the moment he had also unbound the doctor, threw off his disguise, and shouting "Roderick for ever!" disclosed to the multitude below the dreaded form of the Irish hero himself. Shouts of "Roderick for ever!" now rent the skies; the soldiers who had followed their monarch, and several others who had lurked concealed amongst the crowd, threw off their disguises at the same moment, and formed round the leader; whilst the main body of his troops, left behind in the care of experienced generals, tutored for the purpose, charged the affrighted Spaniards in the rear.

The confusion and dismay that now prevailed were quite beyond description. The terrified Spaniards, who, naturally superstitious, had long fancied the wonderful acts of heroic valour attributed to Roderick could only be performed by magic, were now firmly convinced that his sudden appearance amongst them was an act of especial favour from his Infernal Majesty himself! and finding themselves

attacked on all sides, imagined their enemies multiplied by the powers of darkness, and fled without striking a blow. Roderick and his soldiers returned laughing, after they had pursued them a little way, to ransack and burn their camp; which when they had done, they retired to their former station; having previously promised the alcaide to spare the town, and not to push the consequences of their victory farther.

The doctor and Edric, who had been too much agitated to take any very active part in the combat, had been conveyed by the guards of Roderick to their master's camp, to await there the return of the monarch, in whose hands destiny had now placed them. Neither of our travellers had noticed the person of the Irish king in the bustling moment of their deliverance; but the almost magical celerity with which he had contrived to disperse their enemies; the evident terror with which his very name seemed to inspire the Spaniards; and the wondrous feats the guards around them seemed to delight in attributing to him, made them now almost tremble at the thought

of being presented to so tremendous a personage ; whom they amused themselves in picturing as a stern, fearful tyrant, breathing nothing but war and desolation.

Roderick the Second, surnamed the Great, was then in the flower of his age. He had not long ascended his throne; and his father, who had been a prudent prince, having left behind him a well-established government, able statesmen, and a considerable sum in the treasury, Roderick had little to employ his mind at home. Brave, ardent, and enterprising, burning for conquest, and spurning the quiet of domestic peace, the overtures of the Spaniards had met his most ardent wishes ; and he had embraced their cause with an eagerness and impetuosity that had hitherto carried every thing before it. The greatest part of Spain lay at his feet. Even Madrid was his! but it was to attack Seville, that queen of cities, that he was now in Andalusia. This city was still in the power of his enemies, and Roderick, having made Cadiz his head-quarters, was about removing thither, when the message of the

Alcaide, had induced to undertake the romantic enterprize he had just so successfully accomplished. Romance was, indeed, a leading feature in Roderick's character: it had been the policy of his father, the late King, to foment secretly the discontents nourished amongst the English; but the spirit of Roderick revolted at conduct he considered so mean and base. The Spanish war, on the contrary, exactly suited his disposition: to aid an oppressed people—to throw off the yoke of their oppressors, seemed noble and generous; and he engaged in the enterprize with all the energy of his bold and daring temper. His soldiers adored him, and his people warmly seconded his efforts; for, as the seat of war was far removed from them, and as the treasury of the late King defrayed the expenses, they felt none of the inconveniences of war, and gloried in the triumphs of their Sovereign. Thus, Roderick's praise was the theme of every tongue: even the Spaniards worshipped him almost as a god, and their active imaginations magnified his exploits, till both friends and foes alike regarded him as a being who had only to will to conquer! and

whose prowess it was perfect madness even to struggle to resist.

Such was the monarch our travellers now anxiously awaited, till suspense became almost agony. At last the joyful sounds of "He comes! he comes! Long live the mighty Roderick!" burst upon their ears, and the travellers bent forwards, eagerly expecting, yet dreading to see, a countenance stern and fearful as that of Cheops in his tomb: but how were they astonished to behold, in the redoubtable Roderick, only a tall handsome young man, riding carelessly upon a beautiful Barbary charger, and laughing and talking gaily with his officers as he came along.

"What!" cried the doctor indignantly, "would you attempt to make me believe that slight blooming boy a conqueror? the thing is impossible! It is quite ridiculous to mention it. Those laughing eyes, smooth down-like cheeks, and white teeth, may be well adapted to win a lady's heart, but I am sure they never can belong to a hero!"

The King, in the mean time, was equally struck with the doctor; and seeing something

peculiarly honest and simple in his fat, round, oily face, he felt a lively interest for him, and an excessive curiosity to know what could possibly have brought a man, apparently so harmless and inoffensive, into so perilous a situation. The fine person of Edric, disfigured as it was by the troubles he had undergone, also attracted his attention; and as he rode up to his guests to question them as to their adventures, (the noble barb that carried him, pacing proudly along, as though conscious of the illustrious burthen he bore,) even the doctor was compelled to admit, the face and figure of his rider bespoke firmness, intellect, and dignity.

"What crime had you committed amongst the Spaniards?" asked he, as he approached, addressing himself to the doctor in a full, mellow, yet commanding tone. "It must have been of the blackest die, if we are to judge by the enormity of the punishment."

"I am innocent!" cried the doctor, "an' it may please your Majesty! I am quite innocent."

"It will please me very much to find you

so," said Roderick, smiling; "but assertion is nothing—what proof have you?"

"My friend here will bear witness in my behalf," said the doctor solemnly, not feeling at all pleased with what he thought the King's unseasonable disposition for merriment; whilst as he stood looking very cross, his red face and bald head streaming with perspiration from anger and vexation, his clothes having been torn to rags, and his hat and wig lost in his late troubles, he struck Roderick as presenting so very whimsical and ridiculous a figure, that after looking at him a few minutes, the Merry Monarch burst out into a violent and almost convulsive fit of laughter.

"Well!" said the doctor, still more gravely, "I am glad your Majesty seems so well amused; but for my part, I don't see any thing at all agreeable or entertaining in being about to be burned alive."

The doctor's solemn look and lengthened face, as he made this naïve remonstrance, only increased Roderick's peals of laughter. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, addressing Edric, as soon as he was able to speak; "I really beg

your pardon; but your friend here is so exceedingly amusing, that I am really under infinite obligations to him, and know not how I shall ever be able to repay him."

"It is we who are under obligations to your Majesty, for which we can never be sufficiently grateful," said Edric gravely; for he also was not very well pleased at seeing his friend so openly ridiculed; as, though he did sometimes take the liberty of smiling at the learned doctor's innocent follies himself, he did not like to see him made the laughing stock of another. Roderick, however, saw and instantly understood the ill-humour of Edric; and as he applauded its motive, he endeavoured to divert it by every means in his power, and soon completely succeeded. Few people, indeed, knew so well how to make themselves agreeable as Roderick; and though Edric, at first, felt indignant that the King should treat him so much like a child, as to suppose his displeasure could be easily joked away, yet this feeling insensibly wore off, and he soon thought Roderick the most fascinating of human beings. Indeed, that heart must have been hard that could have withstood

unmoved the fascinations of Roderick when he wished to please. His bright laughing eyes that looked the very colour of gladness, and his arch smile, might have subdued the melancholy of a stoic; whilst his character had something bewitching in its very failings. He had been all his life the spoiled child of fortune, and though his rashness and impetuosity, his pettishness and his caressing manners, his bravery, haughtiness, and obstinacy; his fondness for any thing that promised a frolic, and his chivalrous devotion to noble and grand enterprizes, formed a singular melange, he was, perhaps, more beloved than he would have been if his character had been more perfect; and it was this very inconsistency that made him so completely the idol of his soldiers.

"Believe me," said he, addressing Edric, "that it is impossible for me to describe the pleasure I feel in having had it in my power to be of service to you; and though I should have been happy to relieve any of my fellow-creatures in distress, yet I must own I am glad you are Englishmen. It was the policy of my late father to act as the enemy of England; but I

have always been her friend. I am sure that Nature intended the English and Irish for brethren; and I am too sincere a votary of the goddess to wish, even in the slightest degree, to counteract her designs."

"Your sentiments perfectly coincide with mine," said Edric; "and as it has been my fate to live in habits of intimacy for several years with a very worthy countryman of yours, Father Murphy, confessor of the Duke of Cornwall, who was the most intimate friend of my father—"

"Father Murphy!" interrupted Roderick.

"Yes," returned Edric, surprised at the wonder expressed by the King. "Is it possible you can know him?"

"The name appeared familiar to me, that was all," replied Roderick, evidently finding it difficult to repress a strong inclination to laugh. Edric looked at him with still increasing astonishment, not being able to discover any thing in the slightest degree ridiculous in what he had said; and Roderick's disposition to mirth seemed to increase in exact proportion to Edric's gravity. At length, perceiving he remained

silent, Roderick with infinite difficulty contrived to say,—

"Go on, my dear Mr. Montagu, I entreat you to go on; never mind me; it is a strange thought that has just entered my head."

"Mr. Montagu!" exclaimed Edric. "I was not aware that your Majesty was acquainted with my name; I do not recollect having mentioned it."

"Perhaps, however, the doctor did," returned the King; "or the alcaide might have told me, or my servants may have seen it marked upon your trunks or your linen, or—"

"Your Majesty need not give yourself so much trouble to explain a circumstance in itself perfectly immaterial," replied Edric. "I have no wish to conceal my name; I was only astonished to find your Majesty so well acquainted with it."

"Well, well," cried Roderick, somewhat impatiently, "the circumstance is, as you say, quite immaterial, so pray go on with what you were saying of Father Murphy."

"I was simply observing that the excellence

of his disposition had given me a favourable opinion of your Majesty's countrymen."

"Which I hope the thoughtlessness of their King will not induce you to change. I trust you have too much good sense, Mr. Montagu, to feel offended with what you may call the frivolity of my manner. My heart, I hope, is good, though I own even I cannot say much in favour of my head. I am a laughing philosopher however, a sort of Democritus the second; and finding it more agreeable to laugh than cry, I generally try to extract amusement from every thing that happens to fall in my way. We shall soon know each other better, and so now, as doubtless you may wish for repose after the fatigues you have undergone, you will perhaps like to retire to the tent prepared for you."

The doctor and Edric willingly assented and repaired to their new abode, completely puzzled by what seemed to them the extraordinary and inconsistent character of the King.

Under this gay, laughing exterior, however, Roderic hid a sound penetrating mind, and a firm determined spirit; whilst, though no one enjoyed more to ridicule occasionally the foibles

of his subjects, no one knew better how to check them, and bring them back instantly to their proper stations, if they ventured a hair's breadth beyond the limits he prescribed to them. He had thus the art to make himself feared as well as loved, and to rule his subjects despotically, though he never spoke to them without a smile.

Such as I have described him, it may be easily imagined Roderick was not long in winning the affections of his new friends, and he, in his turn, was equally delighted with them. The noble, generous, and inquiring spirit of Edric exactly accorded with his own; and the follies of the learned doctor afforded him never-ceasing amusement, whilst Edric, delighted to meet with a companion who could understand and sympathize with his feelings, felt happier than he had been for years; and the learned doctor, proud of being admitted to the intimacy of such a man as Roderick, declared all his troubles were repaid, and that he now considered himself as the most fortunate of mortals.

CHAPTER XI.

The Spanish nobility were daily collecting round the Irish King. To one of the most distinguished of these, the Duke of Medina Celina, Roderick was particularly anxious to introduce Edric. For this purpose, therefore, as soon as the army of Roderick returned to his head quarters at Cadiz, where the duke had remained, the friends went together to pay him a visit.

Edric was exceedingly interested by this call. The duke's family consisted only of himself and his grandaughter, the Princess Zoe, but the appearance of both was excessively striking. The duke was a blind old man with white flowing hair and a long silvery beard, clad with almost patriarchal simplicity; whilst Zoe,

who sate closely by his side, and seemed devoted to his comfort, was beauty itself. Exquisitely lovely, however, as her features were, they excited rather pain than pleasure in the mind of the beholder, from their excessive paleness. Her dress was simple: a robe of black silk fitted tight to her slender shape, and her jet black hair was simply braided on her forehead, and confined in a net behind.

When she saw the strangers, a slight blush stained the usual alabaster fairness of her complexion, and a trifling agitation was visible in her manner. It was but for an instant, however, that this glowing tint suffused her pallid cheeks, or that her fine features betrayed agitation. Her usual calm dignity of expression was immediately re-assumed, and her countenance regained its marble whiteness. There was, indeed, something very singular in the whole countenance of this young beauty, for, notwithstanding the exquisite loveliness of her features, her charms were rather those of a statue than of a human being. Her fine features were strictly Grecian and perfectly regular, but they were always fixed in one unvarying expression;

whilst her large black eyes fringed with long silken eyelashes, and her glossy raven hair, contrasted strangely with the spotless fairness of her complexion; the whole gave her the air of some unearthly visitant from the tomb.

Zoe had been unfortunate from her birth. Her mother having accompanied the old duke upon an embassy to Constantinople, had happened to please the fancy of the reigning Emperor so forcibly, that, contrary to the advice of his counsellors, he had married her. Disproportioned marriages, however, are seldom happy ones: and that of the parents of Zoe formed no exception to the general rule. The Emperor soon repented his rashness, and, becoming tired of his wife, treated her with coldness and neglect; whilst she, far removed from all her former friends, and finding herself despised by the man for whose sake she had sacrificed every thing, lingered a few years and then died unheeded and forlorn, leaving only the hapless Zoe to lament her fate.

The Emperor married again; and Zoe had dragged on a miserable existence, till in an insurrection of the Greeks, her father had been

murdered, and she herself compelled to fly from Constantinople. She had repaired first to Africa; but finding her grandfather was in Spain, she had followed him thither, and still remained with him, under the protection of Roderick.

It was, indeed, the aristocracy of Spain for which the Irish hero was now principally fighting; for they had suffered most severely from the licentious conduct of the soldiers, and were most earnest in imploring his assistance. When the seat of the Spanish monarchy had been removed to Africa, most of the nobles had followed in its train, whilst those that remained had become objects of hate and suspicion to the republican governments that ensued. Still, however, the *amor patriæ* glowed strongly in their breasts, and chained them to their country; they submitted patiently to innumerable grievances, till, a few months before they applied to Roderick, finding the insolence of the soldiers become insupportable, they determined to throw off the yoke, and re-establish a monarchy in Spain.

For this purpose, they had invited Don

Pedro, a younger branch of their former Royal family to come over from Africa to accept their throne. He complied, and had brought in his train many of the old nobility; and amongst the rest the venerable Duke of Medina Celina, whose most passionate wish it was, that he might die and be entombed in Spain. Don Pedro had been unsuccessful, and had fled; but many of those who had accompanied him remained, and with the resident Spanish nobility now formed the splendid Court of Roderick at Cadiz.

The duke received Edric kindly, and treated Roderick with that enthusiastic devotion, which is, beyond all other praise, flattering to the mind of man. Zoe never spoke, nor did her features betray that she took the slightest interest in the scene before her. It has been before observed, that education was carried to such a pitch in England, that all, even the common people, were universal linguists. Instruction indeed, in that respect, was imparted in many brief and ingenious modes; and knowledge being thus rendered so cheap and easy, as to be *à la portée de tout le monde*, it of course

was going partially out of fashion with the higher classes; but as Sir Ambrose piqued himself on his devotion to all the old customs, he would not swerve from them in the education of his sons; and in consequence, Edric was almost as learned in this respect as a servant or a labourer.

This had often been a source of chagrin to him at home, as it prevented his feeling upon equal terms with those in the same situation of life as himself, and had contributed greatly to give him those shy and reserved manners we have noticed. On the present occasion, however, Edric found his learning advantageous, as it enabled him to enjoy thoroughly the animated and entertaining conversation of the old duke. After a lively and spirited discussion of the manners of the age generally, and the state of Spain in particular, the friends retired, having first obtained a promise from the duke and Zoe to be present at a grand tournament Roderick intended giving on the following day.

"Well, Edric!" said Roderick, "what think you of the Princess Zoe?"

"That she would be a Venus de Medicis, if she had a little more soul."

"Oh come! Edric," said Roderick, laughing; "that is really too bad. I'll allow that Zoe wants animation; but she has at least as much as a statue. Besides I thought you were fond of still life, or you would not feel so anxious about your Mummy."

"Oh, for God's sake!" said Edric, "do not joke me upon that subject; it is too solemn, too awful!"

"At least, your doubts are now satisfied," said the King.

"Not at all," returned Edric; "for I cannot help imagining it was only permitted to appear resuscitated to punish my presumptuous daring; and its mysterious disappearance, added to the strange and fearful adventures that have since attended us, only confirm my opinion."

"It must have been a horrible feeling when you first saw it stir," observed Roderick.

"Words cannot express the agony of that moment," replied Edric, "when I saw my strange unearthly wishes gratified, and felt the impiety I had been guilty of in having

formed them; and I would have given worlds to restore the Mummy to the deep sleep I had disturbed. It was, however, then too late."

"Can you form any idea of what has become of it?"

"None. If the Egyptian's story be correct, it contrived to re-inflate the balloon, and that carried it away, though it is quite impossible to say how far it might go, as the Mummy could not possibly understand the management of the machine, though he might accidentally fill it."

"Would it relieve you to think the Mummy safe in England?"

"Oh no! I shudder at the thought."

"Well, well, then it is useless to make yourself unhappy about the subject. Depend upon it, all is for the best. I am sure, for my part, I am very much obliged to the resuscitated gentleman; as, if it had not been for his freak of flying away with your balloon, you would not have been here at the present moment, and I might never have even known that such a person was in existence. However, now you *are* here, you must not leave me; and when we

have finished our campaign, we will return to Ireland together, and pass the remainder of our lives in peace and tranquillity."

Edric smiled, for the very idea of peace and Roderick seemed incongruous.

The tournament was held on a fine plain on the mainland, a few miles from Cadiz, and nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the show. "The sun shone o'er fair women and brave men," for even in winter, the bright beams of an Andalusian sun give a glowing animation to the scene. The busy murmurs of the crowd, the prancing of the horses, and the gay laugh of the light-hearted Irishmen, as they paid their highflown compliments to the Spanish beauties, were, however, soon interrupted by the firing of cannon, and a pause ensued, which was at length broken by loud shouts of "Roderick! Roderick, for ever! Long live the Conqueror of Spain!" And immediately, the pressure and bustle of the people, and the sound of warlike music which gradually swelled upon the ear, announced the arrival of that illustrious Sovereign upon the field.

Roderick was, as usual, riding upon Cham-

pion, his noble barb, and surrounded by the officers of his staff; but he was not talking to them with his accustomed familiarity; his countenance even wore an air of sadness and reflection, very unusual to it. However, as he rode along, his fine horse tossing his head and spurning the ground as he advanced, he looked completely the powerful Sovereign that he really was.

His dress was exceedingly becoming. Roderick knew mankind too well not to appear to adopt, in some measure, even the prejudices of those he associated with; and knowing the partiality of the Spaniards for dress and appearance, his own was magnificent. A tight vest and pantaloons of black satin displayed the elegance of his figure to the best advantage, whilst a short cloak of the same material, hung from his shoulders in graceful negligence, and his head was covered with a large Spanish hat of black velvet, having a magnificent plume of ostrich feathers, secured by a diamond aigrette in front. A superb collar of diamonds also adorned his breast, and a deep frill of vandyk lace was fastened round his neck.

Splendid, however, as was the attire of Roderick, it was far exceeded by his personal advantages; and no one could look upon that fair, open brow, those bright blue eyes, that manly, though youthful form, that glossy chesnut hair and curling mustachios, or, what was more than all, upon the fascinating smile of the mouth they decorated, without feeling deeply interested for their possessor.

The fascinating manners of Roderick have been already mentioned; but, upon the present occasion, his usual *gàité de cœur* was tempered by an air of dignity and command which became him equally well, and which powerfully told, that though he might sometimes condescend to seem amused with trifles, he could, when he pleased, be indeed a king.

The affairs of Spain were now beginning to assume a favourable appearance, and, consequently, the people were better disposed to be amused; whilst, as a truce had been granted for some weeks, during a negotiation for peace which was carrying on, the combined Spanish and Irish soldiers shut up in the Isle of Leon, and thrown entirely upon their own resources

for amusement, like most persons in similar situations, grasped eagerly at every trifle that seemed to promise variety and amusement.

Roderick was perfectly aware of this; and it was partly to afford employment for his officers, and partly to gratify his own taste for the pursuits of chivalry, that he had proposed the present tournament. The lists were marked out, and a flourish of trumpets summoned the combatants to the field. Two of the Irish officers were the first who engaged, and whilst every eye was occupied in watching their movements with the most intense anxiety, Roderick took an opportunity of whispering to Edric that he had just received news from England.

"Well!" cried Edric, his eyes sparkling with impatience.

"Elvira is elected; but I am afraid there is a strong party in the state against her."

"And my father?"

"He is well, and Edmund is prime minister!"

"What says Rosabella?"

"She is silent; and, therefore, I fear—"

"You are right. In such a case, Rosabella's silence can only portend a storm."

"The duke has left the country, and now resides entirely in town."

"What a change," said Edric, "a few short months has produced! all is altered. I was excessively shocked when you informed me of the death of Claudia; but this news, though it surprises, does not displease me; and, thank God! my father is well."

The defeat of one of the combatants, and the shouts and triumph attending the success of the other, now interrupted the conference; and the rush of all parties towards the King separated him from Edric, who walked quietly away from the crowd to meditate upon the news he had received. The train of thought thus conjured up was so pleasing, that he was soon completely lost in it. His father, his brother, and all the scenes of his childhood, those early recollections so dear to every heart, seemed to rise before him, and he had forgotten Spain and all that it contained, when he was roused from his reverie by a piercing scream; and, looking round, he saw the Princess Zoe, near whose palanquin he had accidentally placed himself, attempting to break from her carriage in a state of the most violent agitation.

Astonished beyond the power of expression at her emotion, Edric hastily assisted her to unfasten the door of her palanquin, and offered her his arm: Zoe took it without speaking, and with trembling steps hurried across the plain. In a few minutes, however, the cause of the princess's agitation was explained; for, as they approached the spot she evidently wished to reach, Edric saw the body of Roderick extended upon the ground, apparently without life or motion. Uttering an exclamation of horror, he attempted to rush towards him, but the princess held his arm firmly, and prevented him. Quite astonished, he looked up in her face; she was still dreadfully agitated, but she did not speak, and only pressed her finger against her lips.

In a few minutes, Roderick opened his eyes, and the princess again pressing Edric's arm, said in a hurried, though low tone, "Let us go!" Edric obeyed; and they walked hastily back to the palanquin in perfect silence. When Edric had assisted the princess into her carriage however, and was about to retire, she pressed his hand, and said again in her peculiarly low soft voice, "Do not speak of this!"

"I will not," said Edric; and bowing respectfully as he pressed her hand to his lips, he walked away excessively surprised at the scene he had witnessed. Upon reaching the King, he found he had been thrown from his horse, and so slightly hurt as not to think it necessary to interrupt the amusements of the day; which concluded after a brilliant display of Irish and Spanish valour, without any other incident worthy of notice.

A few days after this adventure, as Edric was sitting, lost in thought, in his own apartment, musing, as was his custom whenever he was alone, upon the strange adventure of the Mummy, and endeavouring in vain to imagine what might be its probable fate, he was startled by the door of his room flying suddenly open, and Roderick's rushing in pale and in violent agitation.

"Oh, Edric!" cried he, "I am ruined! my fame is lost for ever! whilst I have been loitering away my time here, the enemy has obtained the assistance of the French: they have taken Madrid, and almost all the towns between that and the frontier! An immense

army is marching upon Seville, and they intended to have blocked me up here, amusing me with their pretended treaties, till they had caught me in their snare."

"And how has their plot been discovered?"

"The Princess Zoe—yes! I know what you would say—she loves me, and though I love her not, nay, though I am devoted to another, if I reconquer Spain, myself and crown shall be thrown at her feet;—but, if I fail, I will never live to be the herald of my disgrace."

"It is unworthy of Roderick to despair: it will be by treachery, if you are vanquished."

"Hold!" cried Roderick, driven almost to frenzy at the thought. "For mercy's sake, talk not so calmly of my being vanquished. I will conquer—I will redeem my name, or perish in the attempt; and if they do vanquish me, it shall be my corpse alone that they shall conquer, for the immortal spirit shall escape their fury."

"Alas! alas!" said Edric; "your words have again conjured up the fiend that so long has haunted me:—*does* the immortal spirit escape?"

"Edric," returned the King, "this is not a moment for metaphysical subtleties; we must act, and that immediately and decisively. We must advance upon Seville, and, if possible, get possession of that city before the army of the enemy shall reach it: this blow will strike the Spaniards with awe, and before they have recovered themselves, I shall have made myself master of half Spain. I know the character of the people I have to combat; I must carry every thing by a *coup de main*, or I shall fail."

It was impossible to deny the justice of this observation, and Edric warmly seconded the preparations of Roderick to march immediately upon Seville. These preparations were soon made; for Roderick was so completely idolized by his soldiers, that they regarded his will as law, and were ready to march at an hour's notice, though they knew not where they were going. Dr. Entwerfen was excessively agitated when he found he was going now really to engage in war; not that the base emotion of fear took possession of his soul, but a slight trepidation, such as that which scandal says even heroes feel at their first battle, crept over his

nerves, and gave him an odd kind of sensation, which, he said, was only anxiety to engage.

No one knew where they were going; it was only rumoured, indeed, that hostilities were about to recommence, and, as the doctor said, it was very disagreeable to be unacquainted with the theatre of their future glory. Roderick was amused, notwithstanding even the agitation of the moment, with the efforts of the doctor to discover the secret, and told him, as though in confidence, that they were going to attack Lisbon. Delighted with this news, which he firmly believed, the doctor strutted about with indescribable dignity, walking upon the tips of his toes, pressing his lips together, and swelling out his cheeks like a cherub in a country churchyard, whilst he seemed absolutely bursting with the importance of the secret he carried. All was now ready; but before Roderick quitted Cadiz, he took leave of the Princess Zoe.

"It would be unjust to your merit, and my gratitude," said he, "to insult you with words; but if I survive, the devotion of my whole life—"

"Stay!" interrupted Zoe, "nor overrate so

strangely the value of the service I have been so fortunate as to render you. Besides, even if your estimate were just, know that the services of Zoe are not to be purchased. No, prince, judge me not so meanly. Had I not determined that we should never meet again, the intelligence you so highly value would never have reached your ears. My greatest enemy is dead; and to-morrow I return to my native land, where the rebels have no longer the power to injure me. Demetrius, the ancient minister of my father, arrived yesterday, with the permission for my return, and I do not hesitate an instant—yet, before I go—"

"Speak," cried Roderick hastily; "command my life! my throne! my fortune!"

Zoe smiled. "The favour I have to request is trifling. I have a favourite page, who dreads to return to Greece, and I would willingly place him under your care."

"He shall be my brother!" exclaimed Roderick enthusiastically; "my friend! my companion in arms! He shall live with me, fight with me, and—"

Again a faint smile played on Zoe's marble

features, like the ghost of departed joys; it was but for an instant, however, and it added fresh darkness to the succeeding gloom. "I wish no privileges for my page," said she gravely, "beyond those usually bestowed upon his class. Treat him kindly, but promise me you will not over-indulge him, or I will not leave him with you."

"You have only to command," said Roderick, "and you may rely upon obedience."

"Adieu! then," exclaimed the princess, extending her hand, whilst a slight blush stained her alabaster complexion. "God bless you!—we may meet again."

Roderick kissed her hand as he would have done that of an empress. "Heaven grant we may!" exclaimed he, "for, rest assured, no earthly pleasure could afford me half the joy."

"None?" asked Zoe incredulously.

"None!" repeated he firmly; "unless, perhaps," added he with a smile, "the re-conquering of Spain."

"Then you will accept my page?"

"As a gift from Heaven!"

"He shall join you ere you cross the bridge: once more, adieu!"

"Adieu!" cried Roderick, and Zoe vanished. In half an hour the troops were under arms, and had quitted Cadiz; but Roderick, in the bustle and confusion attendant upon the removal of so large a body of men so suddenly, had quite forgotten the Greek page. As he was crossing the bridge, however, his noble barb started, and Roderick, looking for the cause, saw a slight, graceful boy, who, kneeling, presented him with a letter; it was from Zoe.

"I forgot to tell you," wrote she, "that my page is dumb. As his loss of speech, however, was accidental, he is, notwithstanding, perfectly intelligent, and will obey your slightest gesture."

Ordering some of his attendants to provide a horse, Roderick desired the page to mount it, and ride by his side: the boy crossed his arms upon his breast, and bowed his head in token of obedience, and then lightly vaulted into the saddle.

CHAPTER XII.

The army of Roderick advanced rapidly through a lovely country richly tinted by the rays of a southern sun. Nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful than the scene. Though spring was only just bursting from the icy chains of winter, vine-covered cottages peeped through orange groves loaded with their fragrant flowers; whilst behind, the dark foliage of the lofty palm-trees gave depth and richness to the landscape. Innumerable flowers perfumed the air, and the sky glowed with azure and gold.

Under these circumstances, the advance of Roderick's army, though rapid, resembled rather the journey of a party of pleasure than a fatiguing and toilsome march; and when,

just as the sun was setting, they approached a small village, Edric paused on the summit of a hill, to survey with delighted admiration the lovely scene below. A white church peeped from between a thick cluster of trees, and romantic cottages covered with wild festoons of luxuriant plants, were scattered about at intervals; whilst sitting before the doors, were placed groups of peasant girls, singing patriotic airs to their mandolines or lutes, and others were dancing gaily beneath the shade of some widely spreading trees. Neat dresses of black serge fitted tightly to the shape of these girls, and displayed the graceful elegance of their figures to the utmost advantage. Their long dark hair was bound in a simple net; and their sparkling eyes beamed with animation and love, whilst the clear dark complexion, well proportioned forms, jet black hair, and aquiline noses of their male partners, still, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, strongly marked their Moorish origin. Songs of joy and lively music swelled upon the gale; but these sounds of peace and happiness were soon changed to shrieks of terror, as the unfortunate peasants

saw the army of Roderick wind slowly through the trees, and they fled screaming for mercy, whilst all their little store of wealth fell an easy prey to the foe they left behind.

Edric shuddered at the pillage that ensued, and warmly remonstrated with his friend.

"My dear Edric," said Roderick, "these things are inevitable; though what you see here can give you but a very faint idea of the dreadful havoc and devastation of war. My soldiers destroy nothing, and generally even pay for what they take: but commonly in an enemy's country, men burn what they cannot make use of, and treat the unfortunate inhabitants with the most appalling cruelty. However these are things we cannot reason about."

"I think not," returned Edric; and finding his remonstrances unavailing, he had the discretion not again to allude to the subject, till the army approached Seville. The first view of this splendid city, illumined by the glowing rays of the setting sun, struck our young philosopher most forcibly. "Oh, Roderick!" cried he, "look at that long line of sumptuous palaces, adorned with marble pillars, and the finest

statues; those lovely gardens—those bowers of roses; and those crystal fountains, whose sparkling spray looks dazzling in the sunbeams."

"Well," said Roderick, "I see them all, and more, the lofty spires of the town rising beyond, their gilded vanes glittering in the sun."

"And can you look upon this fair scene?" asked Edric, "and not feel compunction? Alas! alas! that the cruel hand of man should dare to destroy so lovely a picture!"

"My dear Edric," returned Roderick, smiling, "you would never do for a conqueror. If you make war a profession, Glory must be your mistress, and to obtain her, you must sacrifice all your better feelings. But, ah! what is that? look yonder, Edric!"

"I see nothing but a volume of fleecy smoke curling up between the trees," said Edric; "which harmonizes well with the lovely scene around—that scene which the grim hand of War is destined so soon to desolate. Oh, Roderick, can it be possible, that you, whose kind and charitable nature would not crush a worm to death unnecessarily, should—"

"They have fired the suburbs!" cried Roderick, interrupting him; and clapping spurs to his horse, he darted forward like an arrow discharged from a bow. His suspicions were correct. Light clouds of white vapour hung high in the clear blue heavens; whilst below, a thick yellow smoke, mingled with flames, spread wide ruin and devastation. Crackling pieces of wood, sparkling like a *feu d'artifice*, were thrown up with violence at intervals, and the scorching heat felt intolerable, as showers of sparks, and pieces of ignited matter, rained thick and fast upon the plain.

Edric and Roderick were on a gentle eminence when they first saw the city; and, deceived by the remarkable optical delusion often observable in similar situations, they had fancied it very near them. When they plunged into the valley, however, they soon discovered that this was of very considerable extent; and their horses, weary with their toilsome march, with difficulty made their way through the thick underwood and tangled grass that every moment threatened to impede their progress. At length, they entered into the mazes of a

wood, that quite obscured the city from their sight; and when fair Seville again broke upon them through an opening in the trees, she appeared one vast mass of flame.

"Good Heavens!" cried Edric, "surely they will not burn the city! What a multitude of human beings will be sacrificed if they do!"

"I hope they will not be so foolish," said Roderick, "yet I own I fear; no—no—" cried he, after a moment's pause; "see, see! the smoke divides, and as the wind bears the rolling volumes asunder, the city's walls still stand: no fire as yet has touched the glory and the bulwark of proud yet fair Seville."

The glowing embers still crackled as they approached, and still threw up occasional showers of sparks fearfully glaring amidst the darkness of the night, which now closed in upon them with a thick gloom very unusual to that climate. The flames had caught the bridge ere the army of Roderick reached the banks of the river; and the fiery bow, glowing through the surrounding darkness, looked like the fabled arch over which the Mahometans

believe the souls of the dead are destined to skait into Paradise.

At length the army of Roderick found their progress stopped by the deep and rapid waters of the Guadalquiver; the black smoking remains of the bridge which had once stretched across the river, seeming to forbid their farther progress. Magnificent palaces lay around them, crumbling into ruins, whilst their half-burnt roofs fell occasionally with a tremendous crash. Fearful indeed was the spectacle that presented itself, and the once superb suburb seemed the very temple of Desolation. Vases and statues lay overturned, and blackened by the smoke. Majestic trees, scorched by the flames, and their shrivelled leaves stripped from their withered branches, stretched forth their bare arms forlorn and desolate, like bereaved mothers mourning over their murdered children. A chill drizzling mist began to fall, and all looked dreary and uncomfortable.

Roderick stood upon the banks of the river and marked its dark rolling waters, in which the fire that still crept amongst the ruins on the other side reflected its red lurid glare. "We

must pass the river," said he; "these Andalusians are too crafty to have destroyed this fine suburb, in itself a town, had not some imperious reason urged them to it. They want to gain time; but we must show them that we dare brave the combined terrors of flames and water, when Glory gives the word."

"And what is this Glory you pursue so madly?" asked Edric. "May not Prudence be admitted to its councils? And will it not be more certain if we wait till morning to seize it? The night is dark and gloomy; I think it forbodes a tempest; and at any rate it will be difficult to ford this black rolling stream in the obscurity. To-morrow with the dawn we will effect a passage; our troops will be then refreshed with rest, and we shall be ready to encounter with vigour the dangers that may oppose us."

Roderick smiled sadly. "To-morrow, Edric," said he, "it may be too late. To-morrow, the army our enemies expect may advance upon us, and either obtain possession of the town, or cut off our retreat. We have traitors amongst us; for even now, secret as our move-

ments have been, you see the enemy has had notice of our approach."

"Why should we pause?" cried Lord Arthur O'Neil, one of the Irish lords who had followed his Sovereign to the field. "Your Majesty may confide in your soldiers.—Tired! An Irishman knows not the meaning of the word. Shall the heroes of Burgos, Valladolid, and Salamanca, complain of fatigue? Have you forgotten how they fought and conquered? Have you forgotten the proud day before Madrid, when a handful of Irish fought and defeated a whole legion of Spaniards? Can we think of these things, and yet talk of fear? Oh no, surely not! Surely if we did, every warm drop of blood in our veins, every spark of enthusiasm in our hearts, would give the lie to the assertion. Lead us on, brave Roderick! Damp not the spirit of your troops by unnecessary delays, but lead us forward to victory."

"Lead us to victory!" shouted the officers and troops; and Roderick, animated by their cries, gave orders for the instant fording of the river. The evening had now quite closed in; not a star broke the thick dull grey of the

heavens, and the sky began to look dark and threatening. The lowering clouds grew gradually darker and darker; whilst a dusky veil seemed to fall over the distant turrets of the town, and to envelope them in gloom.

The fire that still raged in the suburbs, had now seized an ancient castle, and a thick yellow smoke burst from its embrasures: it seemed like a huge giant vomiting forth flames. In the mean time, heavy clouds that had gathered over their heads, seemed big with destruction, and a low moaning sound was heard at a distance as though the winds were sighing over the fate of the unhappy wretches, who were soon to fall victims to their fury! The hollow murmuring continued; it grew gradually louder and louder; and at length, burst with tremendous violence in fearful blasts over the heads of the army. It was now as dark as night, and the thunder rolled with awful grandeur; the rain descended in torrents, and the flashes of lightning showed by glimpses the pouring vengeance of the clouds, and the still smoking fragments of the ruined bridge.

It seemed madness to attempt the passage of

the river at such a moment; but the determined spirit of Roderick, when once resolved, was not easily to be shaken, and crying out, "Glory and Roderick for ever!" he attempted to plunge into the boiling flood. At this instant the heavens seemed to open, and a vivid ball of bright blue fire to dart from them. The lightning had struck a tree, beneath which a group of soldiers had taken shelter, splitting it asunder and scattering the branches in all directions; whilst the groans of the unhappy wretches, crushed by its fall, mingled horribly with the howling wind and crashing thunder. Nothing, however, could intimidate the daring spirit of Roderick, and calling upon his soldiers to follow him, he struck his spurs into Champion, his faithful barb, and the noble animal plunged with him into the stream. The river, swollen by the torrents of rain, now rushed along in roaring waves like the sea. Champion, and the horses of those who had followed the example of their Sovereign, were soon obliged to try to swim, and struggled in vain to reach the opposite shore. The impetuous current, however, swept them down the river,

and soon the cries of the drowning men, and the plunging of the horses, added fresh horror to the roar of the raging waters.

Fearful was the struggle, till, after a few horrible moments of almost supernatural exertions, the storm partly ceased; and though the wind still continued to howl at intervals, and the thunder to roll, its growl became fainter and fainter; and soon nothing was heard but the splashing of the waves, and the struggles of the swimming animals who tried in vain to stem the boiling current.

Champion had made most violent efforts to save his master, but he strove in vain! he only floated upon the waves. No longer could he toss his head and proudly champ his bit; his strength was fast leaving him: his long thick mane and heavy armour weighed him down. His feeble eyes, however, caught a glimpse of the opposite shore; they had almost reached it, and the noble animal, collecting all his strength for one attempt, sprang forward: but, alas! his heart broke in the effort; his strength failed; the slippery clay slided from beneath his feet, and the lifeless body of poor Champion fell

back into the river, dragging his illustrious master with him. Roderick was too much exhausted to swim; and, encumbered by the dead body of the horse, he was fast sinking to rise no more, when a powerful arm caught hold of him:—

"Take this knife!" cried a voice that he knew to be Edric's: "disentangle yourself from the horse, and I can save you!"

His words recalled the fleeting spirit of Roderick; he grasped the knife and hastily cut asunder the cord that confined his cloak round his neck. It was this cloak which had become entangled in the saddle, and the moment it was released from the neck of Roderick, it floated down the stream with the body of poor Champion, whilst the fainting Monarch was dragged on shore by his friend Edric. The storm had now entirely ceased; the water began to get more tranquil, and the moon, breaking from the clouds that drifted rapidly across the skies, showed the opposite bank so plainly that the rest of the army passed with little difficulty. In the mean time, restoratives had been applied to Roderick, and he opened

his eyes. A slight shudder, however, ran through his frame, as he looked around, and, heaving a deep sigh, he hastily reclosed them, as though he wished to shut out for ever the recollection of what had just passed. 'Twas but for an instant, however, that the manly mind of the Irish hero indulged in this overwhelming sorrow; the next, smiling though mournfully, he took the hand of Edric, and looking at him with affection, he said, "I owe my life to you. God only knows whether the boon be worth the meed of thanks, or whether you have not been cruel to my people in saving me. They have small reason to wish my life, if I am often to be seized with such freaks as these. Good God! I shudder when I consider that the lives of several of my fellow-creatures have been sacrificed to my misguided folly. Poor Champion too," drawing his hand across his eyes to wipe away his tears, and then again trying to smile. "You will laugh at me, Edric, but you don't know how much I feel the loss of that horse. Poor fellow! how nobly he breasted the tide, and struggled on. But he is gone, and it's of no use thinking of him."

And as he spoke, he resolutely started from the bed upon which he had been laid, and again dashed the tears from his eyes. "I have other things to think of that are of far more importance than poor Champion; and yet, poor fellow, I can't forget it was his obedience to me that destroyed him! Poor fellow! You would have been sorry for him, Edric, if you had heard how deeply he sighed when we were in the middle of the water, and I forced him to go on. But I will think no more of him. Summon my officers, and let us hold a council as to our future proceedings."

The council was called, and it was soon ascertained that the army had sustained no other loss than poor Champion, a few other horses, and about eight or ten of the King's body-guard, who had thrown themselves into the river the moment they had seen their master do so. Roderick felt keenly the folly that had occasioned the loss of these brave men and useful animals; but as he was aware that he was now surrounded by his soldiers and the allied Spaniards, and that it is always necessary for a Monarch to seem great, whether he be so or

not, if he wish to be obeyed, he had too much self-command to show any signs of weakness, and gave orders for the commencement of the siege of the town with as much coolness as though he had merely quietly marched up to its walls.

In the mean time, Dr. Entwerfen had safely floated over the stream, riding astride upon one of the ammunition waggons, which were contrived of cork, and supported by bladders, or rather balloons, filled with gas upon each side; whilst the middle part, upon which the doctor rode, being nearly in the form of a barrel, the worthy gentleman had formed no bad representation of Bacchus as he swam merrily across; for the learned doctor, having wisely considered how much the interests of science would suffer if any accident befel his precious person, had waited till the river was as smooth as glass, before he would venture to traverse it.

It was perhaps also well for Roderick, that he now found himself upon the theatre of war: that he had orders to give—decisions to make; in short, that he had sufficient to occupy his

mind, and prevent its dwelling upon the unpleasant circumstances that had just passed. Occupation, indeed, is the only sure remedy for grief. The consolations of friends and hopes of religion may do much; but constant employment is the most effectual medicine for woe that the skill of man has yet been able to discover.

Roderick now enjoyed the benefit of this invaluable panaçea in its fullest extent; for he had much to do. Notwithstanding all their affection for him, his army could not conceal from themselves, that he had sacrificed several valuable lives unnecessarily by his rashness, and their confidence in his prudence was proportionably diminished. Roderick saw, and was mortified by this; the more so, as he felt it was occasioned by his own folly; and he struggled to do something to retrieve the confidence he had lost. There is, perhaps, no situation more painful to a noble, high-spirited mind, than the consciousness of error; and the feelings of Roderick upon this occasion were an ample penance for his faults.

During the whole of the passage of the river, and the encampment of the army upon the

opposite side, under the very walls of the city, not a single soldier of the enemy had been seen: but when that was completed, and the harassed host of Irish had stretched their weary limbs upon the earth, to seek a few minutes' repose before the attack that was ordered at daybreak, lights could be plainly seen moving to and fro in the city, and the heavy tramp of the soldiers heard as they paraded the walls. All now was still; a calm seemed to have succeeded a mighty tempest.

A tent had been erected for Roderick and his chief officers; and there the Monarch now sate gloomily musing, whilst his officers were scattered, in various attitudes of repose and thought, around him. Alexis, the Greek page, who had with difficulty passed the river, lay at his feet. At length, all slept but Edric and Roderick. After a long pause, the Irish hero looked at his friend, and seeing him gazing at him with a look of the tenderest concern—"Edric," said he; "I suffocate here; will you walk forth?" Edric willingly consented, and they sallied from the tent.

The moon now shone brightly, and the

night was calm and still. They walked together towards the banks of the river. Those waters, which so lately had raged like a roaring lion seeking to devour, now rippled gently along, dancing in the sunbeams, and seeming almost to smile at the mischief they had done.

Roderick could not bear the sight; remorse for his impatience struck like a barbed arrow through his heart, and he turned hastily away. He now looked at the scene that lay before him towards the town. The moon shone brightly upon the tents of his soldiers, which contrasted strongly with the black and disfigured ruins of the suburbs, amongst which they had been hastily pitched; whilst the lights in the city, seen only from the summit of the walls, made it look almost like an eagle's nest suspended between heaven and earth. Roderick grasped Edric's hand. "How calm," cried he, "how peaceful seems the scene before us! Alas! how different from that which so lately—but ah! what's that?" exclaimed he, suddenly interrupting himself; "surely I heard a groan."

Edric listened, and distinctly heard the

feeble moaning of a human voice. Neither Roderick nor himself uttered a syllable; but both darted to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. Just at a bend in the river, surrounded by lofty trees, now scorched and half destroyed by the fire, had stood the *maison de plaisance* of one of the Spanish nobles. It had been built in the Italian style; hedges of myrtle and pomegranates had bloomed in the garden, and a raised terrace had surrounded the house, ornamented by statues. Now, however, this terrace was covered with fallen pillars and broken vases—ruin and desolation spread around. The trellis-work, against which, different creeping shrubs had been trained, hung in wild disorder, torn from the walls, and crushing with its weight the shrubs to which it had once served as a support.

Edric and Roderick entered the dwelling, for the cry seemed to proceed from its ruins. With hasty steps they traversed the deserted chambers, in which magnificent tapestry hung in tatters from the walls, whilst shattered remnants of valuable pictures and shivered mirrors showed the grandeur that had once been there. All

now, however, was desolation! the gilded walls and ceilings looked black with the smoke, and the splendid furniture lay half-burnt and half-destroyed upon the ground. Roderick and Edric, however, did not stop long to survey the misery around them, for they hurried hastily forward to the place from which the cries had proceeded. As they approached, they found they were the accents of a female voice that had attracted them; and advancing a few steps farther, they beheld a sight that filled them with pity.

Beneath a fallen column, in the ruins of which she was so entangled that she could not move, lay, or rather stooped, a beautiful female, bending over the apparently lifeless body of an old man, whose fine features and venerable appearance were sufficient of themselves to create a deep interest in his behalf, but which interest was trebly increased by the evident anxiety painted upon the beautiful face of the female.

"Oh, Heavens!" cried she, as soon as they approached; "if you have any mercy or Christian charity in your disposition, succour this poor old man. Those cruel wretches have left

him to perish miserably: though we are strangers, we are human beings, and have committed no crime."

By this time, Edric and Roderick had arrived near enough to draw her from the column, when they perceived, to their infinite horror, that her arm was broken, and that she was otherwise seriously hurt. "Oh, think not of me," cried she, finding they wished to succour her before they attended to the old man, who appeared to be dead; "save my father, I am quite well—can I help you?" and heedless of her own pain, the heroic girl assisted in dragging her father from his dangerous situation.

"I fear he is dead," whispered Roderick.

"Oh! say not so," shrieked Pauline, for that was her name; "he must, he shall recover. Give him air," continued she, endeavouring with the one trembling hand, the use of which remained to her, to unfasten his collar. Edric gazed at her with admiration, and, struck with her filial piety and generous self-forgetfulness, he felt an interest for her that he had never before experienced for woman. He assisted her pious cares, and finding the old man still in-

sensible, he bore him in his arms to the banks of the river, and sprinkled him with its waters.

Whilst he was thus engaged, the little fat Dr. Entwerfen, quite out of breath with his exertions, came puffing up, in something between a run and a trot. "Oh! Edric dear!" cried he, gasping for breath, "I 've found you, have I; but, heyday! what 's the matter? You haven't been killing any body, have you?"

"Doctor!" exclaimed Edric, "I am rejoiced to see you; this gentleman has been hurt by some falling ruins—will you bleed him?"

The doctor had studied surgery in his youth, and had since practised frequently for charity; and, being in all things in which his particular foibles were not concerned, a man of sense and feeling, he instantly comprehended the importance of the case, and drawing forth his lancet, after having first bared and bound up the arm of his patient, he bled him. At first the blood dropped slowly, drop by drop; but it soon began to flow more freely, and then the patient, heaving a deep sigh, opened his eyes.

Pauline had been bending over her father with an intenseness of anxiety that repressed

every personal feeling; but the moment she heard him sigh, the unnatural strength that had supported her gave way; nature could bear no more, and she fell senseless to the ground.

Every one flew to her assistance, and Dr. Entwerfen, in particular, was quite in agony. "Dear, pretty creature!" cried he, pushing his wig on one side, in his hurry to raise her up—"Pretty dear! I do declare her arm is broken, and her shoulder dreadfully lacerated! Poor thing! I wonder how she could contrive to hold up so long."

"It is wonderful!" repeated Edric. "It is the triumph of mental energy over bodily suffering."

"See! she opens her eyes! she survives!" exclaimed Roderick. "Had I not better return to my tent for assistance?"

"There are some soldiers just there," replied the doctor, pointing to a group of men a few paces distant; "they came with me to protect me, but I outran them when I saw Edric."

The soldiers soon formed a litter, upon which M. de Mallet, for that was the name of the old man, and his daughter were conveyed to the

tent of Roderick, where proper surgical aid was afforded them. And whilst they are recovering from the injuries they had received, we will take the opportunity of informing our readers of the circumstances that had placed them in so unpleasant a situation.

M. de Mallet was a Swiss noble; and upon the usurpation of the then despot of Switzerland, he had vehemently defended the liberty of his country. The tyrant had imprisoned him, and he had with difficulty made his escape, followed by his only daughter, who was devotedly attached to him, and who, in all his dangers, had never quitted his side. She had lost her mother in her earliest youth, and since that period, all her thoughts and cares had been devoted to her father.

To comfort him, had formed the sole occupation of her life; and self was quite forgotten in her anxiety for his welfare. After escaping from Switzerland, they had taken refuge in Spain, flattering themselves, that, as it was a free country, they should there be safe and happy. But, alas! they soon found the charms of freedom were more ideal than real; and M.

de Mallet, though he had been an enthusiast for liberty under the despotic government of Switzerland, found the sweets of freedom not quite so great as he had imagined amongst the Republicans of Spain; the pride of the nobles, and the conceited ignorance and insubordination of the people, being, as he found by sad experience, things much more agreeable to talk about than endure. In Switzerland, he had called the one, proud independence, and the other manly daring; but he now discovered nobles and democratic chiefs can be tyrants as well as kings; and that the mob is a many-headed monster most exceedingly difficult to manage.

At first, M. de Mallet and his daughter were rapturously received in Spain. No human beings could be more interesting: applauses filled the air whenever they appeared; addresses were presented to them from all quarters; the people crowded to see them, and the Spanish nobles vied with each other in offering them an asylum. All this was very fine; but, unfortunately, it was too charming to be lasting. As M. de Mallet and his lovely daughter had been often seen, congratulated, and

condoled with, there was nothing now to be done, and the enthusiasm of the Spaniards began rapidly to abate. In the first moment of triumph, M. de Mallet had blindly believed every thing the people had advanced, and had fancied himself, really as they called him, a hero and a martyr. He thus felt sensibly the change of feeling they so soon evinced; he became disgusted with a people so fickle; and, being too candid to conceal his sentiments, he suffered the Spaniards to perceive his disgust. The total alienation of the remaining interest they felt for him, was the natural consequence.

In the heat of enthusiasm, M. de Mallet had accepted freely the offer of a Spanish nobleman to make his house his home; but, with the usual tenacity of a generous mind in a state of dependence, as soon as he fancied he saw a coldness on the part of his host, he left him instantly, and hastened to the house of another, who had been still more warm in his offers of friendship. He, too, soon became cold; and M. de Mallet, like the hare with many friends, though overloaded with professions, found himself completely desolate when he really wanted protection.

M. de Mallet had provided no funds when he left his native country, and his estates having been confiscated, he was thus thrown entirely upon the bounty of strangers. Too high-minded to endure dependence, and too proud to humble himself to labour, M. de Mallet had solicited and obtained the promise of a post in the Spanish army; and the directors of the government having promised him a place in the garrison of Seville, he had proceeded a few weeks before to the house of the Duke of Sidonia, the governor of that city, for the purpose of taking possession. The duke, however, received him coldly, amusing him with procrastinating promises, till M. de Mallet found too late he had been duped by the directors; who, to rid themselves of his importunities, had sent him to Seville, merely on account of its distance from Madrid, and the difficulty he would have in returning to torment them, instead of having any real intention of complying with his wishes.

Indignant at the treatment he had met with, M. de Mallet expostulated warmly with the duke; and the violence of his feelings

produced an apoplectic seizure. The duke, though indifferent to the suit of M. de Mallet, was not destitute of the common feelings of humanity; he had him, therefore, carried to a chamber, where proper surgical assistance was afforded him. This scene took place at the duke's country-seat, upon the banks of the river; and M. de Mallet had remained there till, aided by a strong constitution and the vigilant attention of his daughter, he was fast recovering. When, however, intelligence being received of the rapid approach of the army of Roderick, the duke ordered the suburbs to be burnt, including his country-house; his unfortunate guests had entirely escaped his recollection; and the Spaniards appointed to destroy the suburbs, having performed their task with the utmost barbarity, tearing to pieces and destroying what they could not burn; the servants had flown at their approach, entirely forgetting M. de Mallet and his daughter; who, being in a distant quarter of the mansion, knew nothing of what was passing, till they were roused to a sense of their situation by the flames attacking their apartment. With

piercing screams Pauline succeeded in rousing her father, and forcing him from the chamber; but they knew not where to fly. The crackling flames seemed to pursue them wherever they went, and the falling timbers threatened every instant to destroy them. At last they reached the hall, and Pauline's beautiful features beamed with joy at their approaching deliverance, when the tottering roof gave way, rocking a few moments with a fearful cracking noise, and then falling with a tremendous crash. Pauline saw it coming; but there was not time to escape; and uttering a faint cry, she threw herself before her father, striving to shield him with her delicate body from the coming danger.

Feeble, however, would have proved this slight and fragile barrier to ward off the impending peril, had not fortunately one of the descending rafters struck against a projecting pillar, and thus formed a kind of arch, which served to protect them from farther injury; the falling of the roof having also nearly extinguished the fire. Pauline's arm had been broken with the blow, and her shoulder dreadfully lacerated; yet still the heroic girl supported herself; and,

sustaining with her remaining arm the apparently lifeless body of her father, who, stunned with so many misfortunes, lay insensible at her feet, she endeavoured by her cries to draw the attention of some one to the spot; as she found her father and herself were so entangled in the ruins, that it was impossible they could be extricated without powerful assistance.

The keenest interest was excited by Pauline and her father in the breasts of Edric and Roderick; but, powerful as it was, it was destined soon to give way to yet more painful sensations; for scarcely had they been removed to the tent, when Roderick, perceiving the first feeble tints of day streak the horizon, gave orders for the assault. The city was strongly fortified, and even where the ancient bulwarks had decayed, the governor had hastily supplied their place with wood so skilfully painted to resemble stone, as quite to deceive the eyes of his opponents. Thirty towers were ranged at intervals along this formidable-looking wall; and on one side appeared a citadel strongly garrisoned, which commanded that space between the river and the city where the army of Roderick was now

encamped, and which was aided by a kind of ditch which served occasionally as a covered way.

The sun now rose in all its splendour, spreading its rich tints of purple and gold over the scene, and sweeping away before it the mists of morning. Soon, however, was its brilliancy to be obscured, and the savage rage of man to deface the beauty of nature; soon did roaring cannon and flashing weapons imitate a contention of the elements; and soon did the gashed and bleeding forms of the assailants strew the ground, rendered slippery by their blood. The besieged defended themselves vigorously; three times did Roderick and his followers attempt to scale the walls, and three times were they repulsed; but at length a breach was made, and Roderick, transported with joy, threw himself into it, shouting to his soldiers to follow him. They obeyed; and the siege would have been at once terminated, had not a cloud of dust, rising in long black columns in the distance, through which the reflection of arms shone dazzling in the sun, given new spirits to the besieged, and discouraged the besiegers.

Deep masses, half hidden by this heavy cloud, and appearing only more vast from the obscurity thrown over them, advanced rapidly, seeming to come on with the mighty force of the raging sea when it rushes along with irresistible violence and sweeps before it every thing that dare oppose its fury.

The garrison of the town, animated at the sight, rallied their half-exhausted forces, and drove back the assailants with such carnage that the line of their retreat was marked by a long stream of blood and expiring bodies. Roderick, for the first time in his life, refrained from renewing the attack, for, as he feared being surrounded, he determined to draw off his forces, and give battle to the combined French and Spanish army that was now fast approaching.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the danger of his situation, Roderick was delighted at the sight of the allied army. "Now we shall fight," cried he, "and not be thrown down like dogs from the walls to perish. I could not bear to see my brave soldiers so sacrificed. But now that we shall meet fairly upon the open field, and struggle hand to hand, and man to man, we cannot fail to conquer!"

"Heaven grant us victory!" said Edric, sighing.

"Why, and so it will, man!" repeated Roderick gaily. "Come, come! rouse, and cheer thy spirits, for the moment of glory ought not surely to be that of gloom!"

The force of the enemy had, in the mean

time, rapidly advanced, and the two armies were now opposite to each other; the river curving round that of Roderick like a silver band. The situation of the Irish hero was, indeed, now become hazardous in the extreme; and, if defeated, he could neither retreat nor advance without being exposed to imminent peril, as the river lay before him, and his rear was open to attacks from the town. But neither Roderick nor his soldiers ever contemplated the possibility of defeat; they breathed nothing but victory; and, as the confidence of success often ensures it, they had hitherto found themselves invincible, principally from the firm belief they entertained that they really were so. Roderick divided his army into three parts, and, determining to lead the van himself, he gave the command of one of the other divisions to Lord Arthur O'Neil, son of the Earl of Tyrone; and confided the other, which consisted entirely of Spaniards, to the conduct of the Spanish general, Don Alvarez Rippeardo, upon whose prudence he knew he might confidently rely: whilst he retained Edric, the doctor, and Alexis, the Greek page of Zoe, immediately about his own person.

The battle soon raged with terrific grandeur; the shouts and cries of the combatants, mingling horribly with the roar of the cannon, which echoed from the walls of the town, seemed to leap from hill to hill, and reverberate in the distance like peals of rolling thunder. Roderick, in the mean time, performed prodigies of valour. Not satisfied with directing the movements of his troops, he fought bravely, sword in hand, like a common soldier, with all that prodigious energy and unexampled good fortune, which had previously induced the belief amongst the lower classes of Spaniards, of his being assisted by supernatural agency. A square was attacked and seemed upon the point of giving way; but when Roderick saw its danger and threw himself into the centre, the soldiers were inspired with unwonted courage, and, fighting like lions about to be despoiled of their prey, repulsed the enemy with tremendous slaughter. In fact, nothing could resist the valour of Roderick's arm; like Homer's Achilles, he seemed ready to triumph even over Fate herself.

An unexpected occurrence, however, notwithstanding his prowess, was very near turning the

tide of the battle against him. Lord Arthur O'Neil, whom he had placed at the head of one of the divisions, though brave as an individual, was nothing as a chief; and, unequal to the responsibility of the task he had undertaken, stood hesitating and uncertain what to do, whilst the moment for action passed away. His division had been sent round to attack the enemy in the rear; and Roderick having advanced farther than he would have done, had he not depended upon their assistance, their inaction seemed likely to produce the most fatal consequences. Edric saw Lord Arthur's uncertainty; and, comprehending in an instant both the cause and its effects, he put himself at the head of a few men and galloped to his relief. Arthur, bewildered and overwhelmed, willingly resigned his command; and Edric, leading his division to the charge, changed instantly the fortune of the day. The victory that followed was decisive. Those combating in front against Roderick, astonished at hearing the din of battle in their rear, wavered and became irresolute; whilst disorder being once thrown amongst such a mass of men, horses, and ammunition-

waggons, its consequences were irreparable. The rout soon became general. The French and Spaniards fell over each other in dismay; whilst, in some instances, their confusion was so excessive, that they turned their arms upon their own troops, mistaking them for those of their opponents.

The pursuit of the flying foe being confided to the Spanish division of Roderick's army, that victorious monarch returned himself in triumph to his camp before the city. Gloom hung over the walls of Seville, as that proud city expected to become instantly the prey of the conqueror. Roderick, however, finding the garrison were still determined to resist, and that his own soldiers were exhausted by the fatigue they had undergone, resolved to defer the attack till the next day. Then retiring to his tent, he ordered his officers and nobles to be summoned to hold a council of war as to their future proceedings. A crowd had, in consequence of this summons, already collected round the Monarch when Edric appeared amongst them. Roderick saw him, and hastily rushing forward, clasped him in his

arms. "My dearest friend!" cried he; "yesterday you saved my life, but to-day you have preserved my honour. I do not attempt to thank you, for I feel the utter incompetency of words to express my feelings. Do not, however, look miserable, Arthur," continued he, addressing the unfortunate general; "for I do not blame you. It was my fault for putting you in a situation you were not competent to fill. For the future, you and Edric shall change places; and then I trust, whilst I have still the pleasure of employing my friends, the interests of the state will not suffer."

A page now appeared, bearing a ribband, attached to which, were fastened some glittering crosses. "It is well," said Roderick, taking the ribband in his hand. "Edric," continued he, "I hope you will oblige your friend by accepting these splendid baubles from his hand. They can confer no additional honour upon you in his sight, but they may aid in establishing your authority amongst the soldiers you in future will command, who regard these trinkets with respect."

Edric gracefully bowed assent, and kneeling

before the Monarch, received his new honours with as much grace as Roderick bestowed them; the assembled officers and nobles pressing round, and offering their congratulations. Whatever they might say, however, no one present really felt a tenth part of the delight experienced by Dr. Entwerfen upon the occasion. His transport, indeed, quite defies description; for he danced, sang, jumped, nay, absolutely screamed with rapture; till at last, quite unable otherwise to give vent to the violence of his emotions, he sprang to the pillar of the tent, and clinging round it, embraced it with all his strength. All these antics had been slily watched and enjoyed by Roderick, even through the circle that surrounded him: he lost sight of the doctor, however, when he darted away; and it was not till the officers and nobles dispersed, that the King discovered his learned friend, to his infinite amusement, still hugging the post.

It has been already observed, that an unconquerable love of mischief mingled with the thousand good qualities that formed the composition of Roderick, and that he was con-

tinually getting into scrapes, and playing tricks upon all the unhappy personages who happened to fall in his way; though his invincible good-humour, and a certain indescribable degree of the *bon enfant* peculiar to his character, rendered it quite impossible for any one seriously to resent his pranks.

It was not, indeed, in nature, for any human creature to be long angry with Roderick; and thus being certain of not giving lasting offence, whenever he was not positively engaged in war, the restless activity of his disposition made him frolic about, like a spoiled and petted child, who, even at the very moment of his sins being forgiven, is entirely occupied in plotting some new exploit.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily imagined what an infinite fund of amusement the confiding simplicity of Dr. Entwerfen had proved to Roderick, and innumerable had been the tricks he had played off upon him during their long and tedious sojourn in the Isle of Leon. The important events that had since occurred had, however, entirely occupied the monarch's attention, and the poor doctor had

been suffered to enjoy a long respite, till this sudden view of his unabated enthusiasm presented an opportunity too tempting for the laughter-loving Monarch to resist.

Accordingly that evening, one of Roderick's pages, affecting an air of profound secrecy, presented the doctor with a mysterious bag, containing several small balls of dough, and a billet from the King, in which he informed the doctor, that these balls when boiled would be converted into a gunpowder of such amazing strength and efficacy, that ten grains of it would be sufficient to blow up a whole city; and that having become possessed by accident of the invaluable secret of their composition, he wished to use them for the destruction of Seville; and not having in his whole camp so skilful an experimental philosopher as the doctor, he had determined to confide their preparation exclusively to his care.

It is impossible for words to do justice to the importance that swelled in the breast of the doctor as he perused this epistle. He strutted, puffed himself out, and did his very utmost to look big—a feat he doubtless might have

contrived to accomplish, had not Nature perversely determined to counteract his endeavours, and confined his stature to about four feet eleven. As it was, however, he certainly did make the most of himself, and being firmly resolved not to lose a single instant in putting the designs of the King into execution, he hastened to a vacant place between the camp and the city, where some cauldrons had been hastily erected for cooking the soldiers' food, and there commenced his operations.

In the mean time, Roderick, who had no idea the doctor would be so expeditious in his movements, was busily engaged in superintending the removal of the wounded, and in giving orders of the assault which was to take place upon the following day. He had indeed much to do; for awfully heavy is the responsibility of a general who is not entirely divested of feeling for his men; and the heart of Roderick, though a mistaken thirst for glory had made him a conqueror, was kind and generous, nay even tender in the extreme.

Urged by his compassion, he thus could not rest satisfied, after the more arduous labours

of the day were over, without visiting himself the hospitals of the sick. He saw their wounds dressed, and tried to soften their pains, whilst he spoke kindly to them, and praised their valour. Thus employed, as he passed from tent to tent, the eyes of his soldiers beamed with rapture at his approach; and even in the agonies of death, they raised their feeble voices to call down blessings upon his head. Alexis followed his master in this excursion, and his fine eyes sparkled with pleasure as they followed the godlike form of Roderick through the crowd. The Monarch, indeed, himself, started with amazement as, turning suddenly, he accidentally met their gaze. "This page," said he to Edric, who happened to be near, "possesses a glance of fire—I really never saw more expressive features."

"It is often the case," returned Edric calmly, as he assisted one of the surgeons to bind the arm of a wounded soldier. "The dumb frequently employ gestures to make themselves understood, and their features insensibly become more expressive from the

muscles being more frequently brought into play."

"You fought like a hero, my brave fellow!" said Roderick to the poor man Edric had been assisting. "I hope your hurt is not serious!"

"And if it were through my heart," said the man, "it's no more than I'd be proud to bear for your Majesty, any day of my life."

"Oh, these Irish!" sighed an old Andalusian soldier, who lay near, and happened to understand them. "They are brave as lions in the field, but gentle as doves when they are in a chamber."

"Have your wants also been attended to?" asked Roderick.

"Yes, God bless your Majesty!" returned the soldier. "If the devil does help you when you are fighting, I am sure it is God's own spirit makes you so good to your soldiers afterwards."

"If the devil helped me to-day," said Roderick, laughing, "I am sure I am very much obliged to his Satanic Majesty, for I never was in greater peril. Do not look so grave, Edric, you know I am only joking; and that whatever

my tongue may say, my heart only feels gratitude where it is really due:" and as he spoke, he devoutly crossed himself.

"I know," said Edric gravely, "that your heart is infinitely better than your head."

"The fault of my countrymen," cried Roderick, again smiling, "or rather the fault of nature, for they, poor souls, can't help it. Our imaginations are so vivid that, like a restive horse, they are apt to take the bit in their teeth and gallop away at full speed, in spite of all that the sage Dame Reason, who still keeps uselessly pulling the rein, can do to prevent them."

As soon as the more important duties of his station were fulfilled, Roderick intended paying a visit to Doctor Entwerfen, to discover what effect had been produced upon the doctor's mind by his treacherous letter; but Edric proposing that they should see the fair Swiss, as common politeness required they should inquire after her arm, the poor doctor was driven entirely from his thoughts.

A separate tent had been pitched for the reception of M. de Mallet and his daughter; and

when our friends entered it, they found that worthy gentleman quite recovered, and his lovely daughter reclining upon a kind of couch, and looking more beautiful than ever. Her angelic features had, it is true, lost the animation they before expressed, but their present languor made them infinitely more interesting than their former energy. Softness was indeed the characteristic of Pauline's beauty. Her figure, though slight and sylphic, was yet round and full enough to please a voluptuary. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but a beautiful rosy tint glowed on her cheeks, whilst her clear blue eyes and golden hair gave her the look of a seraph; and when she raised those bright blue eyes in gratitude to Edric, her look sank deep into his soul, and he thought he had never before seen beauty.

Such was Pauline; and when she spoke, Edric, as he listened in rapture to the soft melting tones of her melodious voice, felt he could no longer resist, but yielded up his heart a willing captive to her charms. Yes; the calm, the reasoning, the philosophic Edric was actually in love. He, who had so despised and

ridiculed the passion, and who had affected to doubt its very existence, was now become one of its most devoted victims.

Roderick was almost as much charmed as Edric with the beauty of Pauline, and as the circumstance that had at first introduced her to their notice formed so striking a contrast to the softness and delicacy of her present appearance, that it was scarcely possible to suppose her the same person, a feeling of curiosity mingled with the interest she excited. When our friends entered the room, M. de Mallet rose to receive them: "I know not how to thank you," said he; his voice almost stifled with emotion: "my own life was of little value; but for that of this dear child—" he could not proceed.

Roderick took his offered hand. "My dear Sir," cried he, "talk not of thanks; Edric and myself are but too well repaid in seeing you thus recovered; and I am sure we shall ever esteem the day when we were so fortunate as to be of service to you, as the happiest of our lives!"

"You are too good," exclaimed M. de

Mallet—"too good!" and he could no longer restrain his tears.

Roderick was deeply affected; he could not bear to see an old man weep; and he again took M. de Mallet's hand, pressing it respectfully to his lips: "My dear Sir," exclaimed he, "what I have as yet been able to do for you is nothing; but if you will return with me to Ireland, I may be able—"

"Hush! my good friend," replied M. de Mallet; "I do not doubt your kindness nor your power; but I have had too much of professions!"

"My father," said Pauline, interposing her soft sweet voice, "has suffered much; forgive him if he seem ungrateful for your kindness; but repeated disappointments sour the spirit. We have seen much trouble!" and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Alas! if *you* have not been exempt from trouble, who shall dare complain?" exclaimed Edric, in a voice as soft and tremulous as her own.

Pauline turned her beautiful eyes upon him: "Pardon me, Sir," said she, "that I have not

before thanked you! be assured it has not been for want of feeling your kindness; but sometimes the heart is too full for utterance."

"Thanks from your lips, madam," returned Roderick, "would be a reward for any service."

Pauline blushed: "You too, Sir, were kindness itself," rejoined she: "think not I am insensible to your favours; but I am a bankrupt even in thanks. Alas! fate destines us to incur continually obligations which we can never repay."

"A grateful heart is more than words," said her father; "and in that, my child, I know you will never be deficient; but to whom are we indebted for such kindness?"

"I am the King of Ireland," said Roderick, smiling; "surnamed the devil's favourite here in Spain."

"Is it possible?" cried M. de Mallet; "do I, indeed, see the illustrious Roderick?"

"And this," continued Roderick, without noticing his exclamation, "is my friend, Mr. Montagu, an Englishman; who, like many of his countrymen, not contented with enjoying every luxury at home, rambles into foreign

climes, to grumble and find fault with every thing he may chance to meet."

"Do not believe him, madam," cried Edric; "my countrymen are fond of travelling, it is true; and may find fault occasionally with what they think deficient in a strange land; but I assure you, we travel from a desire of improving ourselves and acquiring knowledge, whilst we only find fault in the charitable hope that our censures may produce amendment."

"That is, supposing your censures are just," replied Roderic; "but that we sometimes take the liberty to doubt."

"I think nothing more unreasonable than to censure customs merely because we are not used to them," said M. de Mallet; "for my part, when I travel, I make up my mind to be satisfied with every thing, as I think I have no right to quarrel with inconveniences I have sought myself."

"It would be well," rejoined Roderick, "if all were of your opinion, and if those who cannot be contented abroad would try to rest contented at home. But you speak as though you had travelled, and I think your daughter men-

tioned yesterday that you were strangers in Spain."

"We are Swiss," replied M. de Mallet; "my name is de Mallet, a name which you may have heard as belonging to a champion of liberty. Powerless as my efforts have been, I was that champion, and the reward of my labours is poverty and disgrace in a foreign land."

"But surely," said Roderick, "the Spaniards as a nation of freemen would receive a martyr for liberty with open arms, and would treat him as a brother."

"Yes, yes," replied M. de Mallet bitterly; "I have had a tolerable specimen of their fraternal affection: they received me with protestations, fed me with delusive promises, and then left me to perish miserably."

"Not designedly, my dear father," said Pauline; "I cannot suppose they left us to perish designedly."

"Oh, no!" cried Roderick; "that must have been impossible: tigers must have been moved to pity by that voice. They never could have intended to leave *you* to perish."

"Sire," replied M. de Mallet gravely, "you forget my daughter and I are but plain simple Swiss; we are unused to flattery and to the language of Courts; do not then address expressions to us above our comprehension, which may lead us to forget the distance fortune has placed between us."

"Speak not of the difference of rank," interrupted Roderick impatiently; "beauty and merit, like that of your daughter, place her upon a level with a throne."

"Pardon me, Sire," replied Pauline, blushing, and casting her eyes upon the ground; "I am perfectly aware of the humility of my station. I am aware that I was not born to be a companion of kings and princes, nor have I any wish to exalt myself above the situation in which nature has placed me. My duty to my father led me to follow him to the Spanish Court. It was the first that I had seen; and, forgive me, Sire, if I say I sincerely hope it may be the last."

"But you must not judge of us by the Spaniards."

"I know it well, Sire; report has always

spoken of the Irish hero as noble, generous, and kind: even his enemies have done justice to his merits, and the fame of Roderick has spread to every corner of the globe. I know that he is incapable of treating my father as he has been treated by the directors of Spain; but I know also, that he is so far superior to myself as to make his notice a condescension which I dare not flatter myself will continue, and of which I know myself perfectly undeserving."

Edric's eyes expressed his admiration, and Pauline's glowing cheeks proved she saw and understood their meaning. Roderick, however, was not quite so well pleased; he felt himself rebuked, and Roderick did not like to feel himself in the wrong.

"You are too modest," said he; then turning to Edric, "Edric," continued he, "have you any idea what is become of Dr. Entwerfen?"—then again addressing himself to Pauline, he added, "Apropos—you will be very much amused with the learned doctor, Mademoiselle de Mallet; but I give you fair notice before you see him, that you must not laugh at him before his face, for

Edric is as tenacious of the feelings of his tutor as of his own.

Pauline's eyes expressed her approbation of Edric's delicacy upon this point; and, as they met his, they conveyed more pleasure to his heart than language could express. From this moment, Pauline and Edric seemed to understand each other, for they felt there was a community of feeling between them. The mute intelligence of the eyes sometimes says more than whole years of common-place intercourse; and thus Pauline and Edric felt like old friends, though they had scarcely exchanged half a dozen sentences.

"Was not that the gentleman that relieved me from my swoon?" asked M. de Mallet.

Before Roderick had time to answer, an officer rushed into the room, looking the very image of despair, and, approaching Roderick, bent his knee before him.

"What is the matter?" cried the Monarch sternly. "Speak! If you have committed a fault, you have less to fear from my justice than my mercy, for misplaced lenity only encourages crime."

"Pardon, Sire!" exclaimed the officer, still kneeling; "but—but—"

"Speak!—no evasion."

"Your Majesty commanded that we should watch that no harm happened to Dr. Entwerfen, and—and he has been taken by the enemy."

"Fool! dolt, blockhead!" cried Roderick; and, taking leave of M. de Mallet and his daughter, he and Edric hastily quitted the tent.

The balls the Irish King had given the doctor were simply formed of dough, the same as that used in the making of bread, with only the addition of a little bit of quicksilver rolled up in the centre of each. This, the merry Monarch knew, as soon as it was exposed to the action of heat, would make the dumplings dance about, as though they were bewitched; and he anticipated great amusement from seeing the doctor's exertions to keep them in the pot, and his despair at not being able to do so. To prevent the possibility of mischief, however, he had desired a select guard to keep watch over the unfortunate philosopher, and never to lose sight of

him, taking care to prevent, if possible, his being exposed to any danger. These fellows, however, did not perform their duty, and it was to their negligence that the unhappy fate of the doctor was owing.

The moment the doctor had received the fatal balls, he hastened to the cauldron, and, hastily kindling a fire, began to try the experiment. The balls more than answered Roderick's expectations, for, as soon as they were affected by the heat, they began to jump out of the pot, one after the other, with the most determined perseverance. The doctor was in a violent heat from being exposed to the steam of the cauldron; and he threw off his coat to cool himself; his wig also slipped off, in his exertions to recover the provoking balls, he being obliged to skip after them with the utmost agility as they rolled bounding along; and no sooner had he caught one and put it back into the pot, than another would jump out and begin a new set of vagaries. The doctor, though tired and provoked, did not however relax his labours even for an instant, and he was running, panting and out of breath, after one of these mercurial har-

lequins, when he was stopped by a rough arm, whilst a man in a gruff voice demanded what he was doing there?

The doctor looked up, and finding with horror that he was surrounded by eight or ten armed Spaniards, answered, in trembling accents, "that he was making gunpowder."

"Gunpowder!" exclaimed one of the men. "But what were you doing with those balls?"

"I was boiling them," replied the doctor, with great awe.

"You seemed to be playing with them, I think," resumed the man. "Were you running after them to make gunpowder?"

"Yes, they wouldn't stay in the pot; and I was obliged to run after them, to catch them."

The soldiers burst into a horse laugh at this naïve reply, and their merriment offered a ridiculous contrast to the doctor's woful visage. They now prepared to retire, dragging the doctor with them, totally heedless of his supplications for pardon and declarations of innocence. They declared him to be a spy, and swore that they would hang him as such as soon as they

should get within the town. The soldiers who were appointed to guard the doctor, and who, by indulging in a comfortable game at piquet, had neglected their charge, now came up, and, dismayed at seeing the doctor in custody of a force too considerable for them to engage with, fled to inform their Sovereign, trembling, however, all the time at the consequences of their disobedience.

When Roderick and Edric reached the plain, the group of soldiers, with the poor doctor in the midst of them, were just entering one of the gates of the town through which they had made their sally. The rays of the setting sun fell full upon the poor doctor's bald head and shining face; and these, and his white shirt sleeves, as he raised his hands in a supplicating manner towards Heaven, made him a conspicuous object even at a distance, till he was hidden from the sight of his friends by the heavy gates closing upon him. Roderick and Edric were in despair at the loss of their favourite; and to see him dragged away so barbarously, without having the power to assist him, was enough to try the philosophy of a

stoic. It was no wonder, therefore, that it was too much for the patience of the Irish hero, who had rarely known disappointment or control: he raved, stamped, and, unable to contain his rage, ordered an instant attack of the place.

The enemy, imagining the Irish too much fatigued with the battle they had just fought, to assault the town that night, were far from expecting an attack; but, encouraged by the successful opposition they had before made, they received the assault with firmness, and repulsed it with vigour. The cannon roared with tremendous fury on both sides, and whole columns of men were swept away as grass falls before the scythe. The impatience of Roderick increased every moment, and the discharge from a petard having set fire to the wooden bulwarks of the town, he threw himself upon the blazing breach, sword in hand, heedless of the crackling timbers and fast spreading flames, whilst Edric and some of his most devoted soldiers followed him, and they were all soon warmly engaged with the Spaniards who opposed their entrance upon the walls. A loud shout from below, however, soon engaged their

attention; the besieged had made a sortie by means of the covered way; and Edric and his royal friend, finding their retreat would be cut off if they stayed, were reluctantly compelled to retire with their followers. Roderick, indeed, was struck down by a Spanish soldier, whilst in the act of leaping from the walls. The soldier, seeing the effect he had produced, was about to repeat his blow, and the Irish hero must have perished before he could have recovered himself, if Edric had not interposed, and received the gash instead of his friend; then instantly turning round, he cut down the soldier. In the mean time, Roderick had revived, and he and Edric fought their way back to the rest of the army. It was now getting quite dark, and the besieged falling back within the town, the army of the Irish Monarch returned once more to their camp.

"How provoking!" cried Roderick, the moment they entered his tent, taking off his helmet, and giving it to Alexis the Greek page: "I shall never be happy again, if they hurt the doctor. Take my sword also, Alexis: but what is the matter with the boy? methinks he

looks wondrous pale. Does he not, Edric?" Then turning to Edric, he was excessively shocked at the change in *his* appearance. It has been before stated, that Edric received the blow the Spanish soldier intended for Roderick. The wound had bled profusely, but the blood having congealed, the flow had stopped, and Edric, aided by his own courage, presence of mind, and firmness, had been enabled to sustain himself till he had reached the tent. Now, however, that the necessity for exertion had ceased, his pallid looks and ghastly countenance bespoke what he had suffered. He had received one horrid gash upon the temple, and the coagulated blood upon his face and hair contrasted frightfully with the whiteness of the rest of his face. In fact, he looked like the ghost of some poor murdered wretch appearing to implore vengeance upon his destroyer.

He had seated himself at a table, resting his arms upon it, and supporting his head with his hands. He attempted to smile in answer to Roderick's inquiries; but the effort was too much for his already exhausted strength, and his head fell heavily upon the table. Roderick

flew to support him, and despatched Alexis for a surgeon. "My dear! dear Edric!" cried he, "speak to me! for God's sake, speak to me! Do not let me think that I have destroyed my friend. Oh, Edric! 'tis Roderick calls. Speak! speak, for God's sake, speak!"

Edric was, however, incapable of speaking; and the torture of the Irish King, when he found his friend could not answer him, was beyond description.

"My beloved Edric!" exclaimed he, wringing his hands in an agony of grief, "I implore you to answer me. Alas! he cannot: he is no more. Curses on my folly! I might have been blest and happy: but, in pursuit of the phantom Glory, I have sacrificed all I ever loved on earth. Oh! would to God that I had never visited Spain!"

A heavy groan behind him startled Roderick as he finished speaking; and turning round he beheld Alexis, who had now returned with the surgeon. The boy's appearance was singular; his complexion was usually a clear dark brown, with a rich glow of colour, and remarkably full rosy lips; now the deep

colour on his cheeks remained unfaded; but his lips had assumed a ghastly livid hue, his limbs trembled with agitation, and a dark mysterious expression seemed to sit upon his features. Roderick looked at him with amazement and almost horror, as strange suspicions arose in his mind respecting him.

Before the Irish army had left Cadiz, it had been whispered that the Duke of Medina Cellina's claim to the throne was at least equal to that of the Prince whom Roderick was fighting to establish. The duke, indeed, had many partisans, but his age and blindness enfeebled their efforts. An express from Cadiz had just brought intelligence that the duke was dead; and as Zoe was his sole heiress, this extraordinary agitation in her page looked at least suspicious.

"I must beware of him," thought Roderick, regarding him attentively; "for as Zoe knows that, notwithstanding my obligations to her, I shall never permit any monarch to reign in Spain but Don Pedro whilst I live, my life will be the first sacrifice required in her cause."

Thus mused Roderick, though it was but for

an instant, that even the dread of personal danger could divert his thoughts from his friend.

The surgeon, when he probed Edric's wounds, however, declared to the great joy of the King that they were not dangerous, and that he had only fainted from loss of blood. He was now placed upon a couch in the same tent with that of the King; and Roderick, soon after stretching his fur mantle under him, threw himself upon his bed; if not to sleep, at least to muse upon the eventful occurrences of the day.

In the mean time, Dr. Entwerfen was forcibly dragged by the Spanish soldiers towards a kind of town-hall, in one of the principal squares of Seville, where, on a platform or dais, raised a little above the floor, sate the sapient magistrates of the town. When the prisoner was brought before them, they all put on their spectacles and surveyed him attentively, examining his bald head with the most scrupulous exactness.

"Here is the lump of a spy," said one.

"And here that of a rogue," rejoined another.

"Yes, the organs of observation and self-appropriation," resumed the first, "are strongly developed. That head is enough to hang an angel!"

"Alas! alas!" cried the poor doctor; "would to Heaven that I had not lost my wig!"

"It would have been of no avail, if you had retained it," said one of the judges gravely, "as it would have been forcibly removed; and even if you had worn your own hair, you must have had your head shaved; for, knowing the general corruption and inaccuracy of witnesses, the judges of this enlightened court reject verbal testimony altogether, and form their correct and infallible judgments upon the sure and undeviating basis of that most profound and useful of all sciences—craniology."

"And happy are the prisoners judged by so wise a rule," said another.

"Yes," rejoined a third; "for, though the minds of men are weak, and their judgments liable to err, the broad and general principles of science must ever remain unchangeably the same."

In this manner they went on, whilst the poor doctor, looking ruefully from one to another, as they severally pronounced their opinions, stood the very image of despair.

"Let us question him," resumed the first magistrate: "what were you doing when you were taken?"

"I was making gunpowder," sighed Dr. Entwerfen.

"The wretch!" exclaimed all his judges together; "he acknowledges he was manufacturing weapons for our destruction."

"And how were you making this gunpowder," resumed the judge.

"I was boiling it," moaned the doctor.

"Boiling it!" exclaimed the judges; "what a villain!" and they all shook their wise heads in concert. The poor doctor could not bear this; and throwing himself upon his knees begged stoutly for mercy.

"In my opinion," said one, "we should be guilty of a crime in letting him escape."

"I think so too," cried another.

"I would not have such a sin upon my conscience for the world," exclaimed a third.

Whilst the unfortunate doctor, reading his condemnation in their countenances, groaned aloud in the agony of his spirit.

At this moment, the deep awful roar of a cannon was heard, and Dr. Entwerfen leaped from his knees. "Thank God! thank God!" cried he, strutting up and down, and wiping his forehead with his pocket handkerchief, as the continued roar of the cannon rolled awfully along, rebounding from house to house, and shaking the very court in which they stood. The magistrates looked aghast, whilst their pallid lips and trembling limbs told that, however great they might be in the council, their courage was not particularly conspicuous in the field.

The doctor, in the mean time, kept ejaculating, "I 'm safe! I 'm safe! See what a thing it is to have a friend for a sovereign: no, no! what did I say? a sovereign for a friend, I mean. Ay, ay! that's it! that's it!"

Thus did the doctor exult, whilst the citizens crowded round their chiefs, begging for directions, and not knowing whither to fly for safety. In this dilemma, the exclamations of the doctor attracted their attention; and, en-

raged to see him rejoice at their misery, the magistrates ordered him to prison, whilst they consulted as to what steps it was most advisable to take.

The poor doctor's joy was thus quickly changed to grief; and he lamented loudly his foolish transports of delight, without which, he might perhaps have passed unnoticed in the crowd. It was too late, however, for repentance; the command had gone forth, and the unfortunate doctor was dragged away to a loathsome dungeon. The assault was, as we have seen, repulsed, and it being too late, when it was over, to think of hanging Dr. Entwerfen that night, the magistrates retired to their beds, determined to have him executed the first thing in the morning.

All was now still; the plain between the camp and the city, which had so lately echoed with the heavy tramp of horses and human beings, now slept tranquilly in the moonlight; undisturbed, save by the groans of some expiring wretch, or by the busy labours of those employed to remove the dead and relieve the wounded. Roderick had thrown himself upon

his couch, and dozed, but in a disturbed slumber; whilst Alexis, placed at a table, was writing dispatches from the dictation of Don Alvarez de Ripparda, who had returned from the pursuit, and sate opposite to him; whilst Lord Arthur O'Neil nodded at his side, and Edric lay reclined on another couch, at a little distance, near the opening of the tent.

All was silent, save the whispered voice of the Spanish general, the heavy breathing of Lord Arthur, and the measured steps of the sentinel, as he paced his weary round. Edric listened till he grew tired of the same sounds falling uninterruptedly upon his ear, and turning on his couch, tried to divert his attention by gazing upon the objects before him. The strong light from the lamp placed upon the table, fell upon the fine features of Alexis, as he looked up to the Spaniard; and Edric thought, as he gazed upon them, that he had certainly seen those features before, though where he could not remember; and fatigued with the effort of trying to recollect, he turned to survey the noble Roderick, as he lay gracefully stretched upon his couch. One arm

was raised above his pillow, and the other fell carelessly by his side, whilst the fine contour of his head and neck was fully displayed, the rich, thick, glossy curls that generally hid his forehead being thrown back. His coral lips were half open, and his long black eyelashes fringed his closed eyelids; whilst his dark whiskers and mustachios, with the rich brown tint that glowed upon his cheek, contrasted finely with the whiteness of his throat. "God bless him!" thought Edric, "and send him all the happiness he deserves!" And then seeming fearful to disturb him, he looked again towards the town. The curtain of the tent was partly looped up, and Edric watched, with interest, the lights of those still employed in their several duties of burying the dead, and relieving the wounded. The figures of the persons engaged in these painful duties were frequently imperceptible; and the lights gliding to and fro, apparently without any human means, looked like ignes fatui, or an assemblage of ghosts at their infernal revels.

Edric sighed as he surveyed them, and his thoughts flew back, he knew not by what connection of ideas, to his native land. He thought

of his father, his brother—of the good old Duke of Cornwall—of Rosabella and Elvira, till, one by one, the lights appeared to die away; the images that floated before his fancy became gradually fainter and fainter; his thoughts more confused: the scene before him faded rapidly from his sight, and, in short, he was fast sinking into repose, when he was roused by a slight sound, and looking up, saw the Spanish general and the Greek page standing by his bed-side.

Edric roused himself immediately, though he still pretended to slumber. The recollection of all he had heard respecting the Duke of Medina, Pedro, and the Princess Zoe, mingled with the suspicions that had been breathed of the mysterious page, flashed across his mind, and effectually destroyed all inclination to sleeping: indeed, a cold shudder ran through his frame, as he remembered, with horror, that if any thing were designed against Roderick, the first step of the conspirators would be to destroy him, from his known devotion to the Irish monarch, and that, in his present enfeebled state, he was quite incapable of resistance. His blood seemed to run more feebly through his veins, and he panted for breath, whilst he

listened attentively, and heard the Spanish general whisper, "He sleeps, but not soundly enough for our purpose."

An icy thrill seemed to chill Edric's heart, and involuntarily he heaved a deep sigh. The supposed conspirators started, and retired. Edric, now completely roused from his slumber, gazed after them, as, with creeping, stealthy steps, they glided across the plain. Astonished at what he had seen and heard, Edric lay lost in bewildering speculations; but soon a new object caught his attention. Thick, black, pointed columns of smoke arose from the town through which, first a red glow, and afterwards sparks, appeared at intervals. At first, Edric could not imagine what it was; he rubbed his eyes, and almost fancied it was a display of fireworks; but, presently, long spiral columns of flame burst through the smoke, and, uniting in one immense body of fire, rose up to heaven, and seemed to swallow up the devoted city.

The moment the flames broke forth, Alexis and the Spanish general hurried back to the tent, and Roderick sprang from his couch, when he heard their hurried footsteps. "What

is the matter?" cried he, rubbing his eyes, and half blinded by the sudden glare of light.

"The city is on fire!" exclaimed a thousand voices at once, and Roderick rushed forth upon the plain. The air felt hot and scorching: "Save them! save the inhabitants!" cried Roderick; "promise them quarter—peace! any thing to save them! Let all the soldiers fetch water from the river! I will have no plunder. He dies who touches an article belonging to the town, or injures a single creature escaping from it. Let us fight like men! It is beneath us to take advantage of misfortune!"

The orders of Roderick were as promptly obeyed as given; the monarch himself leading the way to the town, and assisting in endeavouring to quench the flames. The gates were thrown open, and men, women, and children rushed forth half naked, and were received and supplied with food and shelter by the army of the Irish hero. The Irish adored their sovereign; his valour, his rashness, and his romantic generosity, won their hearts; and even his most discontented soldiers loved whilst they blamed him: thus his will was law—nay, there was

something so noble in his orders, that his soldiers were proud of implicitly obeying them, and not the meanest slave of the camp would have presumed to violate them in the slightest instance. The flames had now caught some cotton-mills on the river, which had been spared in the previous conflagration, and they burst forth in fresh volumes of fire, as the light materials they contained added fuel to the flames. The buildings in the town were mostly old, many of them wood, and some were large warehouses filled with the most combustible substances, which burnt with added fury as the long pointed flames lapped them into their devouring vortex; curling round them, and wrapping them in columns of fire as they, one by one, fell victims to their rage. The town was now half destroyed, and the flames were fast approaching the citadel; the governors of the city had been roused from their beds, and had taken refuge, half naked, in the camp of Roderick; but the prisoners yet remained in the citadel, shut up, however, in dungeons below the surface of the earth. Roderick had anxiously inquired of every one for Dr. Ent-

werfen, and at last, to his infinite horror, he learnt he was in this fated citadel; he rushed forward in agony to save him, for he knew that the powder was kept there. He was aware too, that the flames had already seized the fortress: long ere he could reach it, indeed, a tremendous explosion took place—a vast burst of fire rushed forth, scattering red flaming furniture, bricks, pillars, and every kind of rubbish in all directions, and then all sank to comparative darkness. The fire seemed to have spent its fury in that last effort, and, though it still feebly crept along in a half-smothered flame, its violence was passed. Dreadful, however, was the scene that now presented itself, for Seville was levelled with the dust. Black disfigured smoky ruins supplied the place of what had once been lofty towers and sumptuous palaces; the splendid cathedral, that had withstood the rage of centuries, was now no more; and human bodies lay in the streets, thrown in fearful heaps, some half burnt, and others blackened and dried by the scorching fury of the flames.

Roderick, however, stayed not to examine the effects of the fire; he rushed over heaps of yet

hot ashes, and threw himself amongst the still smoking ruins of the citadel. A Spanish soldier, whom he had saved from destruction a few minutes before, was his guide, and, under his directions, Roderick hastened to the dungeons: he hurried from one to the other, releasing the unhappy wretches confined there, searching everywhere for the doctor, but in vain: at last he heard his well-known voice—the dungeon door was thick, but it could not resist the impatience of Roderick—he could not wait for the soldier to assist him to open it—he burst the fastenings asunder, and in an instant the poor doctor, sobbing with joy, was locked in the monarch's arms. Some of the soldiers of Roderick had followed him to the citadel, and he left it to them and the Spaniard to release the other prisoners, whilst he returned with his dear doctor in triumph back to the camp.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.



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